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SKETCHES BY A TRAVELLING ARCHITECT.

[Continued from p. 25.]

ARCHITECTURE OF LONDON.—“SO,” as Penruddock says, “I am in London once more !” Yet I have not arrived at the end of my travels, nor shall close my Sketch-book until my cabrioleteer and his bony steed shall be dismissed from the hard day’s work on which I am now to employ them. The morning is young and smiling ; so drive at once to Hyde Park Corner.

Granted,—the skreen of arches and columns on the north side is most elegant ; the Triumphal Gateway on the south side, of majestic proportions. But why have we multifariousness on a small scale immediately contrasted with simplicity on a great scale ? Why have we a low but lengthened elevation, of several light and comparatively small features, opening into a public park ; and a huge portal, of massive appearance and lofty elevation, leading into a private pleasure-ground ? Surely this indicates a principle too absolutely monarchical, where the individual King requires more space than his collected people. And there is Apsley House, dressed in its new suit ; and as distinguished from its former aspect of vulgar brick, as *pro-* from *anti-catholic*. St. George’s Hospital, too, under the hands of its most accomplished physician, has acquired as great a renovation in “complement extern” as we desire its poor inmates to experience in bodily health.

BELGRAVE SQUARE.—The ranges of building in this neighbourhood are really worthy of a great metropolis ; but the real stone of our older architecture is but poorly substituted by the plaster imitation of modern days. Perhaps the invention of Roman cement has had an evil influence upon the progress of architectural taste. At all events, a facility has been afforded for *flimsifying* public works, and for an ostentatious display

on private buildings. Every carpenter, who builds a row of ordinary houses on speculation, gives them porticos and Greek scrolls, honey-suckle ornaments, and sarcophagi. Why should he not write out his specifications in the language of *Paradise Lost*, and pay his men with a speech from *Timon of Athens*?—Too frequently is it with new buildings as with new books,—the display without the meaning—the semblance without the substance. Belgrave Square is, however, a grand exception, and, as far as touches its design, not less honourable to the national taste, than improving to the neighbourhood which it decorates.

**BUCKINGHAM PALACE.**—We must now despair of ever seeing our monarch lodged in a palace worthy of his kingdom, however it may be worthy of himself. It would have been a most felicitous circumstance, if, when Wanstead House was pulled down some years back, it had been carried stone by stone into St. James's Park, and there set up again. If the fall of Wanstead Palace was a humiliation to the hopes and pride of every true architect, the rise of the other is still more discouraging; for destruction *will* come, in some shape, sooner or later, as "a necessary end"; but the infliction of Buckingham Palace is among those evils which are the more lamentable because perfectly gratuitous. Is it then possible, that the same nation which has lodged the Marquis of Buckingham in Stowe House, the Earl of Marlborough at Blenheim, the tax-gatherers in Somerset House, her madmen in New Bedlam, and her superannuated seamen at Greenwich, should provide for the metropolitan residence of his Britannic Majesty, such a gim-crack as the building in question?—Or, rather, is it possible, that men will still persist in talking about the virtue of royal patronage,—as if a taste for Art were necessarily co-inherited with the divine right to wield a sceptre! But the due treatment of such an important subject as the patronage of Art is far beyond my province as a mere sketcher. Thus much, then, for the present:—it was not the *isolated* patronage of Pericles that produced the Parthenon:—it was the *pervading* taste and spirit of the Athenian republic at large, of which Pericles was the mere organ.

**WESTMINSTER ABBEY**—is, likewise, too mighty a subject for hasty remark. As we contemplate successively its lofty grandeur, and the matchless splendour of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, we equally wonder at and deplore the impertinent approximation of the modern church of St. Margaret. The towers of the Abbey (by Sir C. Wren,) show much more of the carpenter than the artist; but the perspective of its sublime interior is without any blemish, beyond that of certain little hirelings in black, who, with the Dean and Chapter's leave, are either most discreditable to the ecclesiastical management, or a bitter censure upon the

character of a public, too brutalized to be allowed free access to that building, which is perhaps, of all others, the one most essentially belonging to it. To think, that the grand mausoleum of our monarchs should be lowered to the base level of a Bartholomew Fair peep-show ! When will this crying evil—this libel upon the spirit of our taste, and the decency of our national character—cease to be perpetrated ? Just so long as the public choose to suffer it ; nor can it be said, while the custom is permitted, that its enforcement is degrading *only* to the “ gentlemen in black ”.

**WESTMINSTER HALL.**—What the Pantheon is amid the “ vaulting ambition ” of Roman masonry, such is this superb Hall among the proudest existing specimens of Gothic carpentry ; and, as the former is supposed by some to have been the mere saloon of a vast public building, so the latter is by others regarded a part only of a magnificent palace, projected by William Rufus. How rarely do our modern wholes equal our ancient fragments of the same class ! But it must also be recollected, that if in churches and royal palaces we yield to the spirit of our forefathers, we are yet above them in rail-roads and breakwaters. So it is with all things ;—each has its day. The sixteenth century produced Shakspeare. Knowles’s “ Hunchback ” is not equal to “ Richard the Third.” ; but, then, the Waterloo Bridge is a more glorious thing than the victory, and Bentham’s philosophy more estimable than either.

**THE NEW LAW COURTS**—exhibit a sturdy contest with insurmountable difficulty, and a final compromise most honourable to the architect. Sir John Soane’s treatment, however, was sufficient to intimidate any incipient architect from ever entering the precincts of the law. The subject is too disgusting to dwell upon ; the architect too secure in established fame to suffer from the abuse of cavillers, whose decency was so limited in proportion to their ignorance.

The staircase and vestibule, forming the King’s entrance to the House of Lords, are exquisite in fanciful decoration, and magical in effect. Soane’s works, compared with those of certain no less celebrated contemporaries, show like the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments opposed to Cocker’s Arithmetic. I do not allude to the correct works of some other worthies. There is a vast difference between that dullness which insures itself a kind of professional safety, by attempting nothing new, and the modesty of that sobered imagination, which, while it preserves inviolate the *details* of hallowed antiquity, can yet venture on a modern and improved adaptation of them.

**COUNCIL OFFICE AND BOARD OF TRADE.**—In the Corinthian order which decorates this building, we have a modern edition of the most

exquisite remnant of Roman architecture, viz. the three columns in the Campo Vaccino. Considering the longitudinal extent and extreme richness of this façade, we may regret that it has not also the full dignity of elevation. The design is admirable, as to the relative proportions of its members, from the plinth to the balustrade; but if the colonnade were mounted on a basement story instead of a simple stylobate, the essential merits of the superstructure would be more generally acknowledged. May it not be also said, that the intercolumniations are rather too wide? The elevation, however, is justly admired; nor can we qualify our praise of the Council Chamber within.

THE HORSE GUARDS—Park front;—The clock tower and angular turrets of the central compartment are “just abominable”. The Palladian windows are the prettiest features in the design, and the solidity and convenience of the building, its chief merits.

WHITEHALL CHAPEL.—Here, then, we have the master-piece of Inigo Jones; and, according to Mons. d’Azout, “the most finished of modern buildings on this side of the Alps”, and, of course, on the other side of 1685, when he penned the eulogium. Unquestionably the elevation would have had merit, even if recently erected: and it has more—much more—when criticized with reference to the time of its completion. Faced with *real* stone, of noble dimensions; enriched with the perfect decoration of two perfect orders; mounted on a basement, and crowned with a balustrade; it would be strange indeed if it were not imposing. But it is pleasing, from the more substantial virtue of proportion: and it is only strange, that they who take no exception to this building on the score of its *broken entablatures*, (the consequence of employing three-quarter columns where the spaces between are arbitrarily beyond a certain width,) should never countenance the same liberties in modern buildings. There is no doubt that a perspective of profiles has a much more picturesque effect than an uninterrupted continuity of entablature; but it is equally certain that the use of the former is opposed to the nature of Greek architecture; and is, in fact, one of the leading privileges of Gothic design. Even the employment of order above order is of questionable propriety; and, at all events, offensive to simplicity. The fact is, our modern architects are not the more charming from being less incorrect. The picturesque is the quality most in favour with the many; nor should we so much seek the alteration of their feelings, as the gratification of them by legitimate means. Fitness—fitness—fitness should be as constantly the cry in regard to architectural design, as “Action, action, action”, in respect to eloquence. Employ the established orders of Greece, where you can do it with fitness to yourself



and no offence to her; but, being directed by certain absolute requisites of internal disposition, give the whole a fitting decoration, though the unsuitableness of Westminster Abbey or the Parthenon drive you, as in "a forlorn hope", upon your own resources.

ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS—is celebrated even in Italy. Of course, the steeple is a failure; but the architect has contrived to fail with honour. The bold projection of the noble portico is worthy of particular remark; also the pleasing manner in which the gallery entrances are recessed, to admit of entire columns, while the remainder of the elevation exhibits only engaged pilasters. The interior is rich enough even for Roman Catholic taste; and its vaulted ceiling, far more beautiful as well as church-like than the flat, square paneled covering of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, and others of the celebrated Roman churches. But single Corinthian columns, with a little cubical continuity of architrave, frieze and cornice upon each, is an abominable substitute for the clustered pillar of our old cathedral nave. A piece of entablature, so employed, is a positive absurdity; for, why not have a longer column, instead of topping it with a pile of fragments, which, having entirely lost their horizontal character, become virtually a mere portion of the perpendicular support? The vaulting should here have sprung either immediately from the top of the capitals, or the entablature should have been continued transversely from the columns to the wall. But, again and again I say it, Greek columns and Roman vaults are not suitable features for Gothic outlines.

The extensive improvements which have been carried on during the last ten years, and which are still continuing, with a zeal that seems to promise ere long a universal renovation of the metropolitan West, it would occupy a thick folio volume to delineate in detail. The mass, in a general way, (including Regent Street, the immense ranges of buildings in the Regent's and St. James's Parks, the numerous club-houses, and the Strand improvements,) may certainly be regarded with proud satisfaction. That critical severity which should guide our comments upon *distinct* buildings—professedly *public*—whose magnitude and pretensions peremptorily arrest our notice—and whose costliness is not without the sympathy of our own proper pockets—would be absurd in its application to the component features of a vast street, the *coup d'œil* of which is all that is likely to be regarded by the passing eye, and a rich perspective all that is really required. Besides, a detail of the metropolitan improvements in this year of our Lord 1832, will assuredly prove the mere fragment of such an account as we may have to afford ten years hence. Wilkins is commissioned to provide us with a National Gallery of Art. The choice

of the architect is such as to secure the national honour; nor need we doubt the possession of a building at once correct, striking in effect, and fitting in disposition, provided Mr. Wilkins is left to pursue his task unbewildered by committees either of art or parliament.

The most classic *morçeau* among the club-houses is the "University"; the most original and picturesque, the "Travellers' ". The "Athenæum" is said to be splendid within; but where is the propriety of its external decorations? and why is a name so dignified given to a chop-house?

In threading the long avenue of Regent-street, we pass the chapel of *St. Philip*, which exhibits a Roman portico surmounted by a Greek monument. This incongruity was committed by "particular desire": but if, in this instance, the architect stands acquitted, how can we forgive him the heterodoxy of neglecting the Athenian for the Italian Doric? The interior is redeemingly beautiful. The *façade* of the *County Fire Office* is worthy of its conspicuous situation. The basement and superstructure are relatively well-proportioned; and the additional solidity given to the angular piers (each surmounted by a coupled column and ant,) is a feature not less conducive to beauty than expressive of a due regard to internal disposition and a common principle of strength.

*Hanover Chapel*.—The exterior is, perhaps, more excellent in its individual parts than in their combination. The grandeur of the central door claims our admiration under the authority of Vitruvius; but where is the precedent for cramming the two more important entrances into the corners of the *pronaos*? The approaches to the grand body of the church look like memoranda of things forgotten. The interior is said to be of "noble character," and its decorations at once beautiful and most appropriate.

The church of *All Souls* in Langham-place has been thoughtlessly abused. To be sure, the insipid mass of blank wall and the insignificant side doors contrast most extravagantly with the peripteral colonnades of the porch and spire; but still the whole is picturesque, and decidedly the best exterior which Mr. Nash has produced.

The polygonal structure in the Regent's Park, though very large, is scarcely colossal, and is, I presume, called the "Coliseum," because it in a much greater degree resembles the Pantheon. Its name, however, is its principal fault; for Mr. D. Burton is to be equally congratulated on so grand an opportunity for display, and the very happy manner in which he has availed himself of the scope afforded.

*Mary-le-bone Church* is distinguished by its Corinthian portico. In fact, should we speak of porticos alone, I apprehend no city in the world could compete with the British metropolis, as regarding either their

number, variety, magnitude or beauty. In many instances (as in that before us,) they constitute the whole nobility of the building. Nowhere else is to be seen so true and imposing a specimen of its kind as the Vitruvian Tuscan of Covent Garden Church. The *front* of St. Pancras (by many degrees the happiest adaptation of Greek features exhibited by our modern church façades,) boasts an exquisite Ionic portico of choicest example, protecting a range of magnificent door-ways: and it would occupy much space even to enumerate the variety of (individually speaking) handsome portals, Ionic and Doric, which give importance to the recently erected churches within that vast circle which bounds what (in an extended sense) we denominate LONDON. Sir J. Soane's *Trinity Church*, Mary-le-bone, warrants the play of originality when circumscribed within a certain boundary of precedent. It must be confessed he has often overstepped that allowable line, and that he has occasionally exhibited "the madness of architecture." He is not, by any means, to be closely imitated; but there has been no architect, since the departure of those revered spirits to whose talented zeal we owe the existence of our Westminster Abbeys and Halls, whose works are so well worthy the careful study of the architectural designer. Though rarely unobjectionable as wholes, they are always distinguished by individual features of extreme beauty, or impregnated with germs of novel grandeur. But to recur to our church porticos. Those of St. George's Hanover-square, and of its Bloomsbury namesake, are among our older and more magnificent Corinthian examples,—members of that aristocratic family which includes the porticos of St. Paul's Cathedral and of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Even the chapels are distinguished, in several instances, by the columnar richness of their fronts. Foremost among these is Gandy's exquisite chapel in North-Audley-street, gleaming, in its humble situation, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear!" The Doric portico of the Unitarian chapel in Stamford-street is also worthy of note: and I could quote others, but that my remarks from the Coliseum onwards are more than sufficient for a parenthesis, in which, strictly speaking, they should be included.

The architectural ranks which line the Regent's Park, with two or three exceptions, are far inferior in real character to those of Belgrave-square. The night-caps of Sussex-place are unfit for the day to look upon; and, for the glaring ostentatiousness of such elevations as that of Cumberland-terrace, what is it but the very harlotry of art? Cornwall-terrace is palatial in effect, and Hanover-terrace far better than its cousin of Chester; but when will its designer cease to insult the simple dignity of Greece by obtruding upon us her favourite order in the de-

grading garb of Rome? But I have before alluded to this kind of architecture as without the pale of severe criticism, and shall only venture to add, in a general way, that a frontage of freestone, or even of that light-coloured brick which has lately been employed in some buildings—judiciously decorated with a few ranges of three-quarter Corinthian stone columns employed at intervals to break the perspective, and occasionally interrupted with isolated façades, such as those of Spencer-house, or the two corresponding pavilions in Cavendish-square,—would afford a not less imposing and far more respectable appearance than the same extent of a much richer composition in plaster.—It is delightful to turn from these Italian gauds to the Chapel and Hospital of St. Katherine, where Mr. Poynter has shown a true knowledge and made honourable use of his native style. The master of the hospital is lodged not more commodiously than fitly in respect to architectural character, and charmingly in regard to the simple and happy manner in which that character is developed. There is, however, no objection to nationalize the Greco-Palladian features as unquestionably beautiful in themselves, and not unfitting the necessary disposition of the English villa. Mr. Burton has gemmed the interior of the Regent's Park with several bright examples of lively fancy and chastened taste. Unknown to their respective owners, I have merely contemplated each at a distance, and exclaimed, in the poet's words,

"O, that for me some home like this would smile!"

Of the LONDON UNIVERSITY we have yet only a portion, though, at the same time, a cause for no small portion of pride. Here Athens is nobly accredited, Rome complimented, and England honoured. The reader is acquainted with the extent of my travels, and will therefore know how to value my assertion,—that the centre-piece of this building is, next to the dome of St. Paul's, the finest piece of external Greco-Italian architecture which I have ever seen—the most dignified in its elevation, and the most elegant in its proportions and details. The bronzes which enriched the tympanum and soffites of the celebrated portico of the Roman Pantheon have vanished, and its grandeur is now chiefly assignable to the columnar richness of its *depth*; for its pediment always appeared to me too lofty in itself, and too low in its approximation to its mother-earth. In horizontal extent, the portico of the Chamber of Deputies at Paris seemed too great, and its depth much, very much, too little: the latter, however, *has* elevation. The portico of the London University exhibits a most happy mean between the Roman and Parisian examples, i. e. ten columns in front, *vice* eight or twelve, and two inter-

columniations in depth, *vice* three or one. Standing on the platform of a noble ascent, and crowned with a dome of singular elegance, it is certainly unique as an example in which loveliness and majesty are at once distinguishing characteristics.

Smirke has been well employed at the BRITISH MUSEUM. That severity of style which should belong to the lock-up-house of historical records and the antiquities of expired nations, might be reasonably expected at the hands of this architect, who is scarcely less ponderous though more classically correct in his designs than Sir John Vanburgh. He is distinguished by a love for horizontal continuities, and by a greater trust in the simple use of the Greek portico, than in the strength of his own inventive powers. The Ilissus Ionic, and Doric of Athens are his chief riches; nor can it be denied that he has in several instances applied them with enviable felicity.—But, lo! we are in Bow-street. Let me suppose that (as a perfect stranger,) I now behold for the first time that sober elevation which occupies nearly one entire side of the street. The breadth and relative proportion of its few well-studied parts at first unquestionably arrest and charm the eye. It then rests dubitatingly upon certain statues and bas-reliefs, which seem like dramatic symbols, and intimate a purpose of *amusement*. But no,—it cannot be. That austere portico and the severe simplicity of the wing compartments seem to speak of scientific and philosophic studies, of laboratorial mysteries and moral propoundings. The sculptures can only be received as hints that an occasional lecture upon the Greek and Shakspearian drama may be occasionally admitted by way of recreation; for certainly the general expression of that building's countenance is too sedate to allow the hope of meeting such entertainment within as the mirth-moving Liston might afford. But an argument may be started in favour of Siddonian tragedy: and here, doubtless, the sombre exterior is more in keeping. It must, however, be recollected, that as the drama varies between the serious and comic, and as the real purpose of a theatre is rational *amusement*, so its external semblance should be, at least, cheerful, and imposing, rather from the richness, than from the sobriety of its external decorations.

The building before me is, however, a theatre, and one in whose splendid auditory I have passed some of my happier hours—hours which had been still *more* happy, but for the natural consequences of building theatres for purposes beyond the mere business of the true drama, and of dimensions beyond the power of an actor's voice. Of its kind, the theatre of Covent Garden is certainly a magnificent building, though in several respects very faulty in *plan*, and by no means comparable as to

its "exits and its entrances" with Wyatt's Drury Lane Theatre. The grand flight of stairs in Smirke's building is highly dignified with Ionic honours; but none other of the secondary features are to be mentioned with the entrance-hall, saloon, and rotunda of Drury. The latter theatre, however, was "curtailed of her fair proportions" in the omission of an intended portico, and has been since "adapted" to modern *taste* by Mr. Beazley,—as Shakspeare's Richard the Third was transformed by Mr. Cibber. Both men, it may be acknowledged, have *cobbled well*; and Shakspeare and Benjamin Wyatt "*sleep well*." It were a cruelty to wish the latter two upon earth again. How the one would sit amazed at the omission of Clarence and Hastings from his tragedy! How would the other gasp at the loss of his tripods, and at the alteration from his cherished peculiarity of form into that of the *horse-shoe*, which he so justly condemned!

SOMERSET HOUSE.—It is delightful, after the *fimsicalities* of Regent-street, to encounter such a sterling piece of matter as Somerset House. It is like going from Waller to Ben Jonson—from Sir Peter Lely to Vandyk—from Bishop to Matthew Lock. In fact, this noble building possesses that *essential* virtue, without which complexion and form will never constitute genuine beauty. A piece of architecture (as well as that "noble piece of work—man") requires, ere it can be really admirable, a certain proportion of *moral* worth; and, in proportion to its share of this quality, we must subdue our judgment as to its faults. It would be almost as culpable to cavil with the faults of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures, as to allow his character, as a man, to suffer under the necessity of his speaking-trumpet: and, in like manner, the pervading worth of the celebrated pile in question, is such as to preclude any liberal mind from dwelling with censorious pertinacity upon those faults, which it is, nevertheless, a duty in the critic to mention. To allude then, at once, to the external defects of Somerset-house. In the *Strand-front* and the *court-yard* front of the *Navy Office* the order is meagre and apparently deficient in altitude, when compared with the substantial and lofty basement on which it stands. That this objection is well founded will, I think, be allowed, when we compare the portions alluded to with the corresponding features of the river front, and the façades east and west of the court-yard. It would have been better had the Corinthian columns (as in the parts last quoted,) rested throughout the building upon the basement blocking course with the line of balusters *between* (instead of *under*) the columns. An objection also may be taken to the rusticated face of the superstructure, as it appears on the river front and on parts of the court elevations. The expense of cutting the channels would have

defrayed the charge of furnishing every window with a plain architrave. The centre-piece of the river front (though good in itself and pleasing in its application,) is not of commensurate importance, either as it regards the extent of the entire elevation, or the superior columnar richness of the wing compartments. As to the censures which have been passed upon the arches under the wing porticos, I only wish it were in the power of all architects to err so beautifully; a principle of strength is here unquestionably violated. But what shall we say, then, to the Palladian bridge? Or, ask a painter his opinion of the feature in question. Possibly, he would reply, "It may be against your constructive creed, but it will admirably suit my picture."

The beauties of Somerset House are to be summed up in fewer words than its blemishes; because the former are pervading and obvious, the latter partial, and so entwined amid the general excellence, that it is necessary to be carefully explicit, lest the good should suffer with the defective.

In magnitude of scale, worth of material, excellence of workmanship, skill of arrangement, the governing simplicity and harmony of its elevations, the sober and appropriate display of decorative richness, the unequalled majesty of its terrace, and lastly, in its general character as the work of a Vitruvian-Palladian artist, Somerset House is a sufficient credential for the union of Sir William Chambers's name with that of his country.

The church of St. Mary in the Strand is, perhaps, far from accordant with those principles of simplicity which should govern an architect of the present day; but it is superior to most of the churches in Rome, and would be accounted highly ornamental in any city of modern Italy. It wears, indeed, an aspect which might be called Catholic, except that instead of a vast architectural display in *front* at the expense of bare brick throughout the remainder of the building, our English *Santa Maria* is alike costly on all sides.

*Temple Bar.*—There may be a natural reluctance to pull down this barrier between the clashing interests of the monarch of England and him of the Mansion-house,—

"Arch-president o' the boil'd, the roast, the bak'd;"

but there is little to be said for it on the score of other than *aldermanic* taste.

The Temple Church is not less charming as an architectural *bijou* than as a monument fraught with holy romance, and affording material of the highest interest to the antiquarian. Of limited scale, compared



with other celebrated churches, it is (though humbler in style) second to none in purity of composition, and perfectly unique in plan. It is, as it were, the peculiar fondling of our early pointed architecture—just as the Medicean is of Venuses, the Tiburtine Vesta of ancient temples, and the St. Stephen's, Walbrook, of modern British churches.

*St. Bride's Spire.*—Beautiful, in its way, which I must still maintain to be the *wrong* way. You cannot give the upward motion of a rocket to the natural tendency of a chariot wheel. Nor, indeed, is there any thing *very* meritorious in the design of this celebrated steeple, however great may be the display of constructive skill. In the spire of Bow Church, Cheapside, there are, at least, consecutive variety, and a pleasing *flow* in the outline from the basement to the apex: but what have we in St. Bride's steeple more than a Babel pile of lessening repetitions? St. Dunstan's is, after all, the pet of Wren's spires: St. Michael's, Cornhill, of his towers.

*Newgate Prison.*—In my passing remarks upon the façade of Covent Garden Theatre, the absence of expressive truth was alluded to. Of all London buildings, not one looks its purpose with more honesty and decision than the prison of Newgate. Here we have the *beau-ideal* of the secure, the gloomy, the severe! How sombre the two great wings, with not a window,—nothing to relieve them but a break and a niche, which take from their sameness without diminishing their severity! The governor's house, in the centre, is just sufficiently in *l'allegro* style to show that the prison-keeper is himself no prisoner. This compartment, however, is yet in perfect keeping with the rest of the edifice. The entrances to the debtors' and felons' lodges on either side the governor's residence, are also most happy in the expression of their most unhappy purpose. The inaccessible aperture above, the confined door-way below, the festoon of manacles between—all these are delightfully dreadful; and I am inclined to think that, if a thief happening by nature to be a man of taste, were accidentally to cast his eye upon this front, his pilfering propensities might receive a shock, and his mental inclinations be won over to the less perilous pursuit of architectural study.

[To be continued.]

ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY  
OF DESIGN, NEW YORK, AT THE DELIVERY OF THE PRE-  
MIUMS, MONDAY APRIL 18, 1831. BY WILLIAM DUNLAP, N. A.  
PROFESSOR OF HISTORICAL PAINTING.

GENTLEMEN,

You are preparing to enter the lists of fame, as members of an honourable profession. Let me take this opportunity of addressing a few words to you on what I consider the conduct proper for an artist in his intercourse with his fellow-men. And first,—let him never for a moment forget that the professor of any one of the Fine Arts administers only to the mental pleasures, and is in duty bound to purify and elevate the minds of mankind. He does not supply the wants of the body, or pamper the baser appetites; but offers food and health to the better portion of our mixed and imperfect nature. Though his labours are intended to please, he will only aim, if true to himself and his profession, to give that pleasure which refines, that gratification which virtue approves.

It has given the Council great pleasure to witness the improvement made by the Students of this Academy. Although many of the best draftsmen of the preceding years did not appear as candidates for the premiums which have been now awarded, yet there never has been presented so many good drawings as in the present generous contention for the highest prizes. Of the six offered to the Council, two were of necessity to be selected as the best; but all are eminently deserving; and some of those which were judged unsuccessful, had peculiar merits, perhaps even superior to those which were thought on the whole most perfect. Go on in a strife of generous emulation;—strain every nerve to be first in the race;—but do not cherish any hostile feelings towards those who, either by accident or power, arrive first at the goal. Rejoice in the successful efforts of every Artist, as a proof of the progress of the Fine Arts in our country; and cherish that chivalric disposition, in unison with Christianity and philosophy, which prompts to throw in shade the faults of a rival, and place his perfections in full light. Such a disposition will insure your individual happiness, and the respect which is due from the community to the professors of the Liberal Arts. Many of you have already produced works which have elicited applause. It is to you that this Academy looks for its members, who will support and increase the

reputation of that Institution to which you are attached by many ties. You will, by supporting this school, spread that influence among your fellow-citizens, which must be felt, and seen in the manufactures of the country, as well as in the Fine Arts. It is yours, young Gentlemen, to teach your countrymen the value of the arts of design, and what is due to their professors. As a country looks to its youth for its defenders, so it must look to them for its future ornaments and instructors. Those who are going off the stage, and those who possess the scene, unite in pointing out to you such studies and such conduct as may insure you higher and more brilliant parts in life's drama than have fallen to their lot. May you reach a higher stand in the temple of Fame than any who have preceded you!—but remember, that the more you make yourselves conspicuous as artists, the more necessary it will be that you prove worthy objects of attention as men, and bear, without fear and without reproach, the scrutiny you draw upon yourselves—receiving and reflecting honour.

The Fine Arts can be relished by none who have not previously attained knowledge, taste, and refinement; and in proportion to these attainments is the pleasure the Arts impart. As man becomes refined, his wants and his enjoyments increase. The savage feels no want of Homer or Milton, of Shakspeare or Dante;—their immortal poems present no images to his eye or ear; even if the words could be conveyed in his own language, the ideas would be still unintelligible. The sculpture of Phidias, or the painting of Raphael, would give him no more pleasure than the tawdry figures we see borne about our streets for sale on the heads of their manufacturers, or the glaring coloured prints which we may remember to have been delighted with in childhood. The uninstructed labourer in civilized society is nearly as dead to those objects which fill us with delight, as the savage. But the man who reads—who delights in books—the educated man—*feels* the want of the works of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the engraver, and the architect. As this want, this desire, is gratified, he almost acquires new senses, so greatly is the power of enjoyment increased. It is the “appetite that grows by what it feeds on.” He knows no satiety. He desires something more and more elevated. He thirsts for the pure pleasures derived from the fountain of the Arts, which pours its fertilizing streams, its brilliant and healthful waters, to enrich the human mind and increase human happiness. The more he drinks, the more he relishes, and the clearer is his apprehension of the value of the purifying and healing spring from which his enjoyments flow. It is to such men that the professor of the Fine Arts must

address his labours,—not as one looking to them for protection, but as a friend, benevolently imparting and receiving good.

The artist is uniformly in higher estimation where society is of the highest grade. I have shown that it is only the well-informed who can truly estimate the works of art, or the merit of their authors. In the brightest period of the existence of Greece, immediately preceding and during the reign of Alexander, the estimation in which artists were held corresponded with the high attainments of the people;—a people instructed by those sages whose maxims are now revered as leading to the purest morality. The same may be said of all countries, and all ages. Ancient Rome and modern Italy support my assertion; and the most enlightened countries of Europe, at the present day, do the same. Where men know most, the Arts are most esteemed. In enlightened Greece they revered, they almost adored their artists,—they did not talk of patronizing them. They looked to them for instruction and sublime pleasure, and not as objects wanting protection. Patronage! degrading word! only used by presumptuous ignorance,—only submitted to by the basest sycophancy. Every artist who has the feelings of a man, or more especially of a republican man, will spurn from him the offer of patronage, as debasing to himself, to his art, and to his country.

Every artist who is worthy of the name, possesses the power of communicating pleasure or instruction, or both, to those who are enlightened enough to seek the pleasure and instruction to be derived from his works. It is only in a country of barbarians that he can want patronage. If he truly loves his art, his pecuniary wants will be few, and the wise and the virtuous will be happy to administer to those wants, in fair exchange of their products for his, as equals, giving benefit for benefit. "Poor and content is rich, and rich enough." Wealth is only to be valued as power;—that which increases the sphere of utility, enables us to bestow happiness on others, and increase the still more precious source of power—wisdom.

If the rich man, rich in taste and knowledge, as well as in the gifts of fortune, desires, as he must desire, to possess the work of the artist, he seeks for it—exchanges a part of his possessions for it—and is as much obliged as obliging. Nay more—for what is the trash, "which was his, is mine, and has been slave to thousands," compared to the work of Art, breathing Promethean fire, soul, life, and immortality? It is only the ignorant who thinks, in such a case, that he is a patron; and it is only the unworthy who considers himself as patronized.

In that country where artists *must be patronized*, the Arts are un-

known, mind is uncultivated, and (unless the benevolent desire of ameliorating society should detain them,) from that country artists ought to fly. If we could suppose a country, and surely it is hard to imagine such among civilized nations, in which a legislator should use the title of artist as a term of reproach wherewith to brand a fellow-citizen,—should use it, surrounded by the elected representatives of the people of that country, and find none in that assemblage of the best and wisest, to reprove his folly and expose his ignorance—ought not artists to shun that country?—unless they resided in it, as missionaries do among savages, sacrificing their comforts, health, and even life, returning good for evil, and renouncing the present for the sake of the future. But there is no such country. We might as well suppose an artist so base, as to consider the title appertaining to his profession as a stigma.

A few more words on the subject of patronage. You will find a novel with this title, which, although it is some years since I read it, I can venture to recommend to you. The author's name is sufficient recommendation,—Miss Edgeworth. Let us look for a moment to the propriety of considering the man who employs a painter or sculptor as the patron or protector of the artist, more than the man who employs the lawyer, the physician, or any other who can administer to his wants. When men seek that advocate who can best plead their cause, and pay liberally for his services,—when they send for the physician whose reputation for knowledge gives them assurance of ease and health,—who is the patron and who the patronized? Does the man whose estate, or life, or liberty, or reputation, is protected by the lawyer from unjust claims, false accusations, or injurious calumny, think himself the patron of the man he employs and pays for services? Does the wretch who writhed in pain, think he patronizes the physician who restores him to ease, because he pays his fee or his bill? And is the poet, the painter, the sculptor, who enlightens and elevates men from the condition of brutal ignorance, to be placed lower in the scale than the pleader who saves their pelf, or the doctor who cures their colic? Is the man, who by his skill perpetuates the image of the great and good, or gives to the affectionate relative the breathing semblance of one he loved, but whom death has snatched from him, to be considered as an object craving protection from the individuals to whom he affords such pure gratification? The ignorant and the weak seek and find protection from the strong and the wise. But let not the ignorant, because strong in the possession of wealth, presume to call themselves the protectors of the wise or the skilful. Our beloved

country is politically a democracy. When all our fellow-citizens shall have a true notion of the character of a democrat, no man will feel pride from the mere possession of wealth, or degradation from the absence of it.—No man will be so absurd as to think that he patronizes the author whose book he buys, or the painter or sculptor whose works decorate his walls and give lessons of wisdom to his children, any more than he will think that he protects the advocate who defended him in the court of justice, or the physician who rescued him from pain and death. The time has not long passed away, since authors, in Europe, called for patronage, and wrote fulsome dedications to titled block-heads;—when those books which taught wisdom and independence, were ushered in by servile flattery. But genius burst the bonds which a barbarous age and barbarous governments had imposed upon her, and men are taught to look with reverence and love to those who delight and instruct them. Johnson indignantly rejected patronage, and we should think it ridiculous to look for a patron to a Byron or a Scott—a Cooper or an Irving.

The artist will address his works to the enlightened men who can appreciate their value. They are equals, bestowing and receiving good. The friend will assist his friend—the man of taste will applaud and aid the artist—the artist will receive and reciprocate;—but in this there is neither patronage nor dependence.

We are told by some of the biographers of West, that when a boy, he aspired to the honour of being distinguished by kings and nobles. It was very natural, and had a good effect upon him; kings and nobles were then in higher esteem than now. Many men, then and long before, knew and had proclaimed the worse than worthlessness of monarchical and aristocratical institutions; but that truth, and many others, had not been so generally received as at this time. We have all read of kings and princes who thought they bestowed honour by bestowing titles on painters. Those potentates honoured themselves by proving that they were sufficiently enlightened to appreciate genius, but they added no honour to the artist. Who ever thinks of the titles which, if remembered, would encumber or deface the names of philosophers, poets, patriots, painters, sculptors, and others, who by merit had raised up their names above those of kings or emperors? Who does not know that to add the mark of artificial nobility to those whom God and nature had ennobled, is only bestowing on them *that* which is common to knaves and fools, and criminals of every description;—for what class of the contemptible or the detestable cannot boast of its titled members? Genius raises above the common level all those who possess and abuse it not. Raleigh, Sidney, Shakspeare, Milton,

Hampden, Cromwell, Raphael, Dante, Tasso, Voltaire, Rousseau, Linnæus, Buffon, La Place, Newton, Pope, Goëthe, Schiller, Rubens, Vandyke, West, Canova, Franklin, Lafayette, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and the thousand other names of Nature's noblemen, are familiar in our mouths "as household gods;" and the 'Sirs' or 'My-lords' which were added to some of these words, so big with meaning, so fraught with high remembrances, are never thought of when we think of the men. 'Sir Charles' adds nothing to the lustre of Linnæus; and who ever thought that the names of Shakspeare or Milton would receive additional dignity or value, if 'Sir William' or 'Lord John' were added to them?

I have said that those monarchs who sought to honour artists by giving them titles, honoured themselves. Let us elucidate this historically. History will likewise show, that as men became enlightened, they proportionably held the Arts in higher estimation. When Holbein visited England, Henry the Eighth was probably as accomplished a gentleman, compared with his subjects, as George the Fourth was in comparison with the Englishmen of the present day. Holbein received no mark of honour; and the beastly tyrant, in the all-sufficiency of right-divine, power and patronage, prescribed to the artist the mode in which he should design the portrait of his patron. The painter, probably fearing for his life, submitted to be dictated to by the barbarian, and represented the burly murderer with face and body full in front, as may be still seen on the covers of the Harry-the-Eighth playing cards. The cotemporary of this Harry, Francis the First of France, proved his superiority, by the memorable speech to his murmuring nobles, who were dissatisfied that he preferred the society of a painter to that of his courtiers: "I can make a thousand nobles with a word," said the heroic monarch, "but only God can make a Da Vinci." Francis, though perhaps unknown to himself, felt an undefined conviction of the folly, if not blasphemy, of the flattery which tells kings that they are the fountains of honour. He felt, perhaps, as we feel, that God alone is the fountain of honour as of all good. While contemplating this reproof to the nobles of France, so glorious to Francis, let us remember that Da Vinci was not only an artist, but an accomplished and learned man. The progress of civilization in England is marked by the attentions and honours paid to Rubens by Charles the First, who, though not as far advanced as his subjects in the science of political justice, was one of the most accomplished men of his time. He made the painter 'Sir Petër Paul.' But the painter was, and still remains, Rubens. From that time, it appears to have been a matter of course to confer the title of Knight on the most distinguished painter in England; and I am



proud that I can say that Benjamin West was the only man who refused the supposed honour\*. When a child, he aspired to such distinction, as he then childishly thought it ;—as a man, he firmly, though respectfully, declined the honour which his friend, (for such George the Third was,) intended him. He knew that the name of West could receive no lustre from a title. These distinguished artists were all distinguished as gentlemen, among the gentlemen of England. It is in vain to look for honour from others, if we do not honour ourselves. It is for painters and other artists to teach mankind the true estimation in which the professors of the Fine Arts must be held. And first, need I say, they must esteem themselves, so far as to avoid all that is low, all that is servile, all that is false. Can there be anything so contemptible, as a sycophant who debases the heaven-imparted talent intrusted to him? Sycophancy is incompatible with true genius. We often see it united to mediocrity in the Arts. If you see a man bowing to the rich or influential for patronage and good dinners, flattering power for recommendation and protection, becoming a thing of bows and smiles and honeyed words, be assured that he lacks mind as much as he lacks self-respect. The bowing, smiling sycophant is as opposite to the polite man as possible; for politeness, the desire to exchange both civilities and services, belongs to the independent man of genius. Genius is modest, but never suffers itself to be trampled upon. It feels that it belongs to nature's aristocracy, and despises the aristocracy of mere wealth. The aristocracy of nature is composed of the nobles who are stamped such by their Maker, and are in principle and practice true democrats—lovers of their fellow-men, and supporters of the equal rights of all. I trust that such aristocrats will be formed in this Academy;—artists who love their art; who fear to do wrong, lest they should injure that they love,—as the good husband, son, or father, dreads to bring pain or dishonour on his wife, his father, or his child; feeling the value of the talent lent them by their Maker, and wishing happiness to all their fellow-creatures, as children of the same beneficent Father. As members of the same profession—as children of the same Father—be charitable to the defects of each other, and deprive the enemies of the Arts of the power to say, with truth, that their professors are disposed to disunion.

This Academy, of which you have been worthy students, and, as I hope, will be honourable members, being composed solely of artists,

\* We honour the principles of the republican Professor, but he is mistaken in giving West credit for contemning honours. The knighthood was probably declined from religious scruples; but he evidently had no disinclination to a baronetage, and had the vanity to boast of a high descent.—EDIT.

will strive to maintain that dignified station which belongs to the arts of Design and their professors. In our country, both have been misunderstood.

Half a century ago, when there were no artists of any name or note in the country,—for those who had the taste for, or the power of producing, works of art were obliged to gratify the one, or exercise the other, in foreign parts,—at that time a worthy and enlightened statesman introduced casts from the antique into the country; and other friends of the Fine Arts joined him in his endeavours to raise the character of his countrymen, by increasing knowledge and taste. These citizens associated under the title of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, and under that title obtained a charter. It is to be lamented, that instead of "Academy," they did not adopt the title of "An Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts," or some other equivalent; for although courtesy may allow to such an Association the name of Academy, it is an anomaly to assume such a title, when every other Academy of Fine Arts in the world is composed of, and governed by, those who profess and can teach those arts. The intention of the founders of this Association was good, and artists are bound to honour them. A succession of honourable and disinterested men were presidents of the institution,—men who were not artists, but loved the Arts, and saw their value to the country. Chancellor Livingston was the first of these men, and De Witt Clinton the last. In process of time, artists sprung up in the country, or returned from abroad, and aspirants sought to be artists. Then the directors of the Association we speak of, assumed for themselves, and conferred upon the stockholders, the title of *patrons*,—forgetting, or being ignorant of the definition given to the word 'patron' by the great lexicographer Johnson, who says, a patron is "commonly a wretch who protects with insolence, and is paid with flattery." The stockholders, on whom this name was conferred by the directors, are among the worthiest and most liberal of our citizens, and little deserve the odious character here mentioned;—how far it agrees with the conduct of the majority of the directors, those who know them best can best judge. Some of them we know are very far from deserving it. So little did the majority of those who legislated for this institution know what belongs to the character of an artist, that they passed a law respecting exhibitions in the following words:—"All artists of distinguished merit, as painters, sculptors, and designers, shall be permitted to exhibit their works. Amateurs in these arts shall be invited to expose, in the gallery of the Academy, any of their performances which may be thought worthy of the exhibition:"—giving a bare permission to artists,—and those only

of distinguished merit—to those whose labours alone could support the institution,—and inviting amateurs, as beings of a superior order, who had never degraded themselves by gaining that knowledge, which belongs to artists of distinguished merit! The directors, feeling themselves the patrons or protectors of those who, by the exhibition of their works, produced the funds which supported the Association—of those who alone could teach and of those who aspired to learn that knowledge which an academy is supposed to possess, went on from one act of folly to another, until the artists of this city said with one voice, “Let us exhibit our works for the support of a school for the Arts we profess; we are alone the competent directors of such an institution; we are alone the judges of what is best for ourselves and for our professions. We rely upon our merits alone for success, and need no patronage, but that of the public.” They said it, and it was done. You see and feel the benefit resulting from a real Academy of the Fine Arts, and you are to be its support and its ornaments.

This Academy, which has been founded for the purpose of instructing youth in the arts of design, whether intended for manufactures or any other purpose requiring such knowledge, and for instructing in all such knowledge as appertains to the profession of an artist, —(and where is the boundary at which an artist should stop?)—this Academy, if duly appreciated by society in general, and by artists in particular, will soon be enabled to extend its benefits by higher schools and an increased number of lecturers. It will offer higher premiums to students. I hope to see the highest premium not only a *token* of merit, but a liberal support at some established seat of learning, to such students as may not otherwise have the means of acquiring a liberal education. Thus, each year the Academy may add one to those who, by education as well as talent, are the ornaments of society. To the students of this institution we look for academicians, who shall increase the honour which belongs to the title of artist, by unremitting efforts to attain every accomplishment that can add lustre to the gentleman, and every branch of science attainable by man.

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ESSAY ON ENGRAVED GEMS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF MR. TASSIE'S COLLECTION OF CASTS AND PASTES  
FROM THE ANTIQUE.

ENGRAVED gems are considered by many simply as appended trinkets, or ornaments in dress, which are to be taken up or laid aside as fashion

or fancy may determine. To the casual observer, it is sufficient that they are the work of the lapidary, and that they may be purchased : in their history, as connected with the remotest period of time, he is little concerned ; something he may have heard of their value in the mind of the antiquary, or of their beauty in the eye of the connoisseur ; and further he is not interested enough to inquire.

It is with these beautiful productions of Nature and of Art, as with "benefits forgot,"—few think of searching out their origin or of tracing their source. The fountain that springs up in the desert, or the shelter that is found in the wilderness, are hailed with joy and viewed with delight ; while the stream that is brought to our door, or the habitation that is raised to our hand, creates no interest in the minds of those who are most essentially benefited by them.

That so little interest is taken, or so few inquiries made on the subject of Engraved Gems, may be owing to the very few works in our language that treat of them ; while on the Continent, scarce a Collection but has its historian, or a gem but has its commentator. Some account, therefore, of their origin and history may be acceptable not only to the artist but also to the general reader.

There are few objects connected with art, or as ornaments of a highly cultivated state of society, that serve to develop the human faculty more than the work that is found in engraved gems. It must have been the work of ages ere the diamond was discovered in the mine, its coat or crust removed, its polish given, and its brilliant lustre brought to light.

By what fortuitous circumstances such things are made known, not only in the case of precious stones, but of many things, as well useful as ornamental, in civilized life, must (unless we allow of inspiration,) be left to conjecture : of such matters we can only argue from analogy ; and accident, as it is called, (which in our own day has led to great discoveries both in art and in science,) may in like manner have given rise to the polish of the diamond and of other precious substances.

Scripture history, in the Book of Genesis, mentions the ring and the signet ; and in the Book of Exodus shows us the breast-plate of Aaron, containing the names of the twelve tribes of Israel engraven on twelve stones ; or gems, among which was the diamond, allowed to be the hardest of all substances ; whence it necessarily follows, that the art of engraving on precious stones must have been long in practice. Whether the means employed by the lapidaries of those days were any way similar to those of our own time, must also be left to conjecture ; but the great probability is, that very little difference in the

operation of grinding, polishing, or incision by the drill-bore and wheel, was used, it being difficult to imagine, from the nature of the materials wrought upon, that any other method could have been employed.

It is evident that the work of the lapidary must have preceded that of the engraver; and it is curious to find the art of forming and polishing the hardest substances among various tribes of savages: stone hatchets, points of arrows, and other missile weapons, chisels, and ornaments often curiously cut, polished, and perforated, and yet made of flint, porphyry and basalt, jasper and other hard substances,—are found in the sepulchral monuments of the most ancient savages of Europe and Asia. We are also informed, that similar kinds of stone weapons, tools and ornaments, are formed and used by the lately discovered South-sea Islanders. In many of the articles wrought by those savages will be found a correctness of eye and a dexterity of hand, which render them equal to anything produced by the powers of the lathe or the sharpness of a steel instrument.

But whatever might be the means resorted to in the early history of mankind for the purpose of acting upon the stone or gem, the art of engraving them was known to the Jews; and along with the jewels of silver and jewels of gold borrowed from the Egyptians, they also carried the knowledge and skill in working on such materials. Be this as it may, the talents of the Israelites were brought to bear on the decorations of the high-priest, the ark, and the temple; and when thus employed, they were said to be inspired. Accordingly, we find it written of Bezaleel, Aholiab and others, that they were “filled with the spirit of God in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones to set them.”

Thus ascribing whatever was curious in art, as well as whatever was exalted in his nature, to the First Great Cause of all, the talents of those who furnish the ornamental as well as of those who impart knowledge and cultivate the intellectual powers of man, are to be respected as possessing those gifts from the hands of their Creator. It is only when these talents are misapplied, or become subservient to pride, vanity or selfishness, that they become objects of contempt. As well might we turn with indifference from the flowers of the field, the splendour of the skies, or the magnificence of nature, as from the ingenious arts which the Author of all good has inspired the hearts of men with.

“Spirits are not finely touch'd, but to fine issues.”

A puritanic spirit in its cold-heartedness may invest the ornamental

or the imitative arts with the garb of idolatry, or, in the calculating spirit of trade, question their use,—sentiments which, if acted upon, would bring down poor humanity to a level with the brutes; for, as our immortal dramatist has said,

“ Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man’s life is cheap as beast’s.”

No one will dispute that wants must be supplied, and wealth abound, before the liberal arts can be put into requisition; there must be leisure to learn, and the mind must be taught to appreciate their merits.

Trusting these few remarks in behalf of the liberal and the ornamental arts may not be considered out of place, we proceed to the more immediate subject of our Essay, ENGRAVED GEMS.

It is with the origin of the arts, as with the early state of the sciences, that, like the sources of mighty rivers, they present nothing to excite surprise; but viewed in their further course, become objects of wonder and instruments of power.

India, Egypt and Greece, present examples of engraved gems, in which may be traced the progress of improvement to their final perfection. It was under mystical characters (both in India and in Egypt,) that we find on their gems forms and combinations which owned no prototype in nature,—chimeras, where the animal and the human figure were united; symbolical as they might be of the attributes of their deities, they presented nothing which could tempt the flights of fancy. It was reserved for the glory of Grecian art to reveal those forms of grace and beauty, that *beau-ideal*, found in no single form, yet a combination of all that is excellent, whether in shape or feature.

Before going into the merits and beauty of Greek gems, it may not be amiss to observe, that if among savage nations precious stones became objects of attraction, it cannot become matter of surprise that in the minds of a people further advanced in civilization, yet under the bondage of superstition, they should be invested with the power of the talisman or the virtues of a charm.

Thus the diamond was said to have the power of discovering truth from falsehood, and of securing its possessor from plague or poison;—of the ruby, that it disposed the mind to cheerfulness, caused pleasant dreams, and changed its colour on the approach of misfortune. The chrysolite also, it was said, would change its colour on being placed near poison. The sapphire, the emerald, the turquoise and the topaz, were supposed to be endowed with similar properties and virtues. And if in themselves objects of regard and veneration when viewed as

the signet of the monarch, with power to confer favour or decree death, it is not wonderful that they should hold a rank with the most precious relics of antiquity, or that they should be held in the same superstitious regard as the bones and relics of saints and martyrs in the Romish church.

Though not with the like superstitious veneration, yet with an intensity of regard that borders on enthusiasm, does the amateur consider the gems or coins of antiquity; and truly, his admiration can hardly find objects connected with the Fine Arts more worthy of his attention.

Of the substances on which engravings in the manner of gems have been wrought, besides those of the Oriental or precious stones,—coral, ivory, and a certain shell, have obtained the preference; and nothing can surpass the beauty of some of these sculptured shells, or their perfect resemblance to the finest cameos.

Imitations of precious stones, called pastes, are also of great antiquity: these are vitrified substances, more or less opaque according to the nature and colour of the stone imitated. Of these substances, the Portland Vase, now in the British Museum, is, perhaps, the finest example in the world\*.

In the most refined state of the arts, whether in Greece or Rome, it was not the stamp of antiquity alone which gave value to the gem, but the skill of the artist in the execution of the subject.

It is with the style of execution of Engraved Gems as in other works of art. As in painting is seen the dry and hard manner, and also the soft and blending, according to the character of the masters and the different periods of their practice: so it is in the execution of gems. In the early state in which they were found, a hard and dry manner appears, the relief is flat, and the figures seem flayed, as if for the purpose of showing their anatomical markings; but this style of execution gave way (as in painting) to the improved talents and better taste of succeeding artists, whose works became distinguished by the gradual blending of the muscles of their figures, together with such a beautiful flow of line throughout the whole of their works, that it has been considered an almost unattainable object in modern art to imitate them with complete success.

\* The art of imitating gems in paste, has been carried by none to greater perfection than by the late Mr. James Tassie, and now continued by his nephew Mr. William Tassie. It is by this means that casts as well as pastes may be procured, and the finest impression that the most valuable antique gem can give (the original of which can only be had at great cost,) may be purchased at the most trifling expense.



As an example of this perfection in Engraved Gems, we refer to the 'Diomedes with the Palladium,' the work of Dioscorides, No. 9385. in Mr. Tassie's Catalogue\*. A most accurate judge of the art, the learned M. Mariette, in his Catalogue of the Gems in the King of France's Cabinet, thus expresses himself on the works of this excellent engraver:—"One of the most perfect modes of engraving is that where, in imitation of the finest bas-reliefs, the figures, without having scarcely any prominence, and even appearing flat to the eye, retain, however, a roundness and a sufficient body to detach themselves from the surface and not appearing adherent to it. It is that manner in which, however slightly wrought, the figures are expressed in all their parts with so much taste, justness and precision, that it is not possible to form anything more elegant or more exact.

"Science is there rendered subservient to a noble and amiable simplicity, and only presents to the eye just sufficient to elevate our ideas. It was this great and dignified manner which adorned the golden days of Greece; and it was this manner which became the favourite study of the celebrated Dioscorides, if we may judge by several gems which bear his name."

This gem is nearly a circle, and though in size hardly that of a shilling, its character is such as to give an idea of grandeur and magnitude equally with the finest statue among the Elgin Marbles. It is of the first importance in education, but most especially so in the education of art, that the eye should be brought early acquainted with the finest and purest examples: there is then less danger of the taste becoming low and vitiated, as, after the eye has contemplated the best, it will not relish lower or inferior forms or compositions; and it is with this view the gem by Dioscorides is pointed out for inspection and study.

The gem described above is a cornelian in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The genealogy of the stone is, that it belonged to a collection of Louis XIV., and was by him presented to his daughter the Princess of Conti; she afterwards made a gift of it to her physician Dodart, from whom it passed into the hands of his son-in-law Homberg, who appears to have sold it to the jeweller Houbert, who parted with it to M. Sevin; and from him it came into the hands of its present possessor.

Dioscorides the celebrated Greek artist, whose name this gem bears, lived under Augustus, a prince who invited the most eminent artists of Greece to adorn his reign.

\* The different gems referred to either by number or name will be found in Mr. Tassie's Collection.

In a similar style of art, and almost equally excellent with the 'Diomedes,' is a 'Reeling Bacchus,' No. 4290, in the before-mentioned Catalogue. The god is here represented with his legs bending under him, and staggering, from the copious inspirations of the grape. He is in the act of raising his slight drapery with his right hand, carrying the thyrsus upon his left shoulder;—the whole exhibits all the disorder of his orgasm. It is certainly one of the masterpieces of the ancient gems, both for the beauty of the figure and the spirit of the expression.

A third example of the soft and blending style will be seen in the 'Head of Priam,' the original in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire; and a fourth, a 'Head of Minerva,' No. 1664. These examples will be fully sufficient to exhibit that soft and blended style of execution so much esteemed by the artist and the amateur as the purest style of Greek art.

There is, however, another and no less admired character in the style of Engraved Gems, which, without being hard or dry, is perfect and clear, sharp, and more prominent in its relief than those already described; but so pure and minute in its parts, that it resembles in a great degree those microscopic or tiny productions of Nature which cannot be seen with advantage without the aid of a magnifying-glass; and such is No. 7170. the 'Cupid and Psyche.' This exquisitely finished gem was in the possession of the late celebrated collector Charles Townley, Esq. It is a cornelian, and the work of Pamphilos, who is said to have been the disciple of Praxiteles.

The story of 'Cupid and Psyche,' (or rather, gems on the subject of the human soul under the power and controul of the passions,) are more numerous than almost any others; and in almost an equal degree has the subject employed the pen and the pencil. Raphael has pursued the story in a series of paintings through all its most interesting details. Indeed it would require a copious catalogue to enumerate all that has been written, painted and engraved, in illustration of this beautiful allegory.

Of modern painters who have treated the subject of 'Cupid and Psyche,' none will be found superior to the late Sir Joshua Reynolds; the original painting is now in the possession of Samuel Rogers, Esq., whose taste and judgement in the Fine Arts is a guarantee for the excellence of all that he either commends or possesses.

Of the writers who have employed their pens on the story of 'Cupid and Psyche,' that of 'Psyche, or the Great Metamorphosis,' by the late Gloucester Ridley, D.D., is perhaps the most beautiful, both in its treatment and application.

It will not be necessary to bring into view more examples in this last style of art, as it embraces whatever can be found of the highest finish in engraved gems: for those of an early period, and such as come under what may be termed the Albert Durer style in execution, they will be found under Nos. 7967, 9357, 9099, &c.

The examples hitherto brought into view have all been of the Intaglio, or such as are concave. Our next examples will be the Cameo, or such as are convex and raised from their ground. And first and finest in this class is No. 7199: it is called the Marlborough gem, from its being in the possession of that nobleman.

The subject is the 'Marriage of Cupid and Psyche', and is said to be the work of Tryphon, who flourished in the best ages of art, between the reigns of Alexander and Augustus. And whether we consider this beautiful cameo in respect to the purity and simplicity of its design, the skill of its execution, or its excellence as a work of Art, there is no example in its class that can rank higher. Besides the engraving from it by Bartolozzi, in the Marlborough collection, it has been introduced to the public eye as an ornament of dress; and our potteries have multiplied its form and character to an extent beyond that of any other subject.

Another cameo, the 'Head of Jupiter Ægiachus,' is no less distinguished for the beauty of its execution, its remarkable size, and the grandeur and sublimity of its character. A cast from this gem was sent from France to the late Charles Townley, Esq. at the time of the French revolution; and it was intimated that the original gem belonged to the library of St. Mark at Venice, presented to that place by the senator Juliani, sent to Rome for the purpose of having an engraving from it by Morghen, and from thence taken by the French. The manner of its removal is thus related.

When the French entered Rome, along with their army marched also their inspecting commissioners, whose business it was to select the works of art to be sent to France from the conquered country. On this occasion a visit was paid to the cabinets in Rome, where, among other gems, was the beautiful Head of Jupiter Ægiachus. The attendant, probably anticipating its fate, stated, that it belonged to the Venetian Library, and had been sent to Rome for the purpose above related. It was not, however, relinquished; but after a closer inspection and a pause, a sort of compromise took place;—the inspector would send the Library of St. Mark some valuable manuscripts in return for the gem. It does not always appear that frauds of this kind are thus palliated. The ardent collector, in his love of art, seems to

justify any mode of appropriation; and, as the ingenious author of *Flim Flams* observes, "the Otho or the Alfred, the gem or the coin, must be closely guarded when a brother antiquary pays them a visit."

The two cameos, the 'Head of Jupiter,' and the 'Marriage of Cupid and Psyche,' before alluded to, being of the first and purest style of art, are sufficient to bring the reader acquainted with what is most excellent in the raised sculpture of gems.

It may here be observed, that there are more highly wrought examples of intaglios than of cameos, although, from the nature of the work there is more of difficulty in the execution of the former. In the cameo, there is sometimes a heaviness in the work, with less of beauty in the form, whether of head or figure, than in the intaglio. This may arise, in some instances, from a wish to suit the colour or stratum of the stone (which is for the most part of the onyx kind,) to the figure or group, which accident sometimes appears to point out. In the instances where the stratum of the stone shows an even surface of light on one side and of dark on the other, the artist is at liberty to design his forms agreeably to his own fancy, and it is his want of skill only should his figures appear heavy or ill-proportioned. The finest example of this kind of raised sculpture will be found in the Portland Vase, now in the British Museum. This exquisitely wrought vase, being a composition, or what is called paste, gave the requisite surface of white and the under or ground of dark. Thus prepared, the artist had nothing to shackle his powers or pervert his taste, having no occasion to comply with accidental forms or colours. The relief, as well as the execution, resembles the 'Diomedes' already mentioned, the most perfect of engraved gems.

It is impossible to contemplate the hitherto unattainable excellence of Greek art, whether presented under the form of statue, gem, or coin, without applying to them a passage from Shakspeare; for

".... how well in *them* appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!"

for whatever pecuniary rewards may have been heaped on the artists of antiquity, it would only have been a secondary consideration. To the perfecting of art, whether in painting or sculpture, there must be an enthusiasm, a devotedness, a contemning of the world's good, to bring men through undertakings such as are seen in the noble remains of antiquity.

There is a passage in Evelyn's *Sculpture*, which he has quoted from

Petronius, that will serve to illustrate this devotedness by the following examples.

"For, in ancient times, says Petronius, when virtue was admired for its own sake, the liberal arts flourished, and there was an eager emulation among men for the discovery of whatever might be useful to posterity. Thus Democritus extracted the juices of the various kinds of herbs, and spent his life in making experiments upon minerals and plants, that he might be acquainted with their virtues.

"Eudoxus lived even to old age on the top of a high mountain, contemplating the motions of the heavenly bodies; and Chrysippus, to quicken his invention, thrice drank hellebore.

"But, to speak of statuaries," (which comes nearest our instance,) "Lysippus perished with want while he was intensely applying himself to finish a certain statue: and Myron, who could almost animate his brazen figures of men and beasts, died in extreme poverty. But we, in this age of drunkenness and debauchery, are too slothful even to study those arts which are already invented:—we despise antiquity; and vice is the only lesson which is taught or learned, &c." He concludes: "Wonder not, therefore, if the art of painting has declined, since, in the eyes of gods and men, a heap of gold has more beauty than all the works of those doting Greeks, Apelles and Phidias."

Evelyn then takes up the lament as applicable to his own times, where he observes upon an old saying, "Nothing which is great can be done without leisure;" and adds, "If a quarter of that time which is thrown away upon cards, dice, dogs, mistresses, and base and vicious gallantries and impertinent follies, were employed to the encouragement of arts and promotion of science,—how illustrious and magnificent would that age be, how glorious and infinitely happy!" But neither the age in which Petronius lived, nor the days when the profligate court of Charles the Second absorbed the best interests of society, are exclusive instances of the neglect of genius: in all times and in every age, examples will be found where the narrowed spirit of trade, ignorance, or dissipation, will act as a damper to the enterprises of art.

[To be continued.]

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#### BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE LATE J. TASSIE.

JAMES TASSIE was a native of Edinburgh, born in the year 1735, and died in the year 1799 in the 64th year of his age. By trade a stone-

mason, and afterwards a modeller in wax, he was said to have been inspired with the love of art from seeing some collections of paintings at Glasgow.

It matters little from what cause the effect is produced, where there is an aptitude in the mind towards either Art or Science: some chord, however apparently remote, will, when struck, answer to the correspondent feeling of the mind, and bend it to the course of the will. It has happened in the case of Mr. Tassie; it has happened in the case of thousands,—though circumstances have not always been favourable to the development of talent, or, if developed, to encourage and reward it. Labour, industry and perseverance, must unite with time, opportunity, and favourable contingents, to produce the desired effect.

We cannot always follow artists, mechanics, or men of science through their experiments, their trials, and difficulties; but when any great or important result appears, we naturally inquire into the history and progress which have led to it; and it is not unfrequently that we become dissatisfied or disappointed if we find neither adventure nor excentricity in the character of him whose labours or researches have contributed to our amusement or benefited us by their utility. This, we believe, will be exemplified in the life of Mr. James Tassie, a man whose labour and industry have brought together materials connected with the Fine Arts of incalculable benefit if properly appreciated. This collection of casts and pastes from antique gems amounts to more than 15,800 impressions, and is fraught with some of the most precious relics of antiquity in gems and coins. These impressions have been rendered durable in almost an equal degree with the original stone; and whether in plaster of Paris, sulphur, or wax, are as perfect as from the original gem.

From this ample and abundant store the artist, the antiquary and the historian, may be furnished with matter connected with past ages, with forms rich in the *beau-ideal*, and with the customs of the ancient world, which, without such aids, might have been sought for in vain far and wide; but now, through the talents, genius and industry of an individual, are brought together in a single cabinet\*. If nothing

\* To this valuable collection Mr. William Tassie has made an addition of ancient coins of the most rare and beautiful character, from the collection of the late Dr. William Hunter, before his museum in Windmill-street and its contents were removed to Glasgow, and more recently from the choice collection of the late R. P. Knight. These casts, as an appendage to the library, are greatly desirable; nor less so to our universities, if they had the taste to appreciate them.

further had been accomplished, there is more than sufficient to give eclat to one who has produced so great a desideratum; but Mr. Tassie was himself an excellent artist—a man of taste, judgement and research. Though quiet and unobtrusive in his habits, the flame of genius did not burn or illumine the mind of the aspirant the less.

Mr. Tassie had occasion to visit Dublin, where his talents for drawing and modelling brought him acquainted with Dr. Quin, who was at that time employed in making pastes in imitation of precious stones, and taking Mr. Tassie into his confidence communicated to him this art, the application of which became the fruitful source of accumulating and bringing together the collection as it now stands.

It was about the year 1787 or -8 that Mr. Tassie received an order from the Empress of Russia for his collection of pastes and casts of antique gems;—the pastes to be, as far as possible, made to imitate the original stones, and the casts from them to be of white enamel, which, with the cabinet that contained them, amounted in cost to three thousand pounds. The original drawing of the cabinet and its ornaments is in the possession of Mr. William Tassie, who also received an order from the late Emperor Alexander for a further addition of pastes and coins made since the former collection. Though not on so expensive a plan, it is a matter of surprise that our universities, museums, &c. do not avail themselves of such an opportunity of appending to their colleges or libraries so valuable a collection, which, if dispersed, will not, we think, soon (if ever) be gathered.

Among the models which Mr. Tassie left in casts of white enamel, there is hardly a distinguished character of the period that may not be found, furnishing the biographer or memorialist with resemblances faithful in likeness, and executed with equal taste and skill.

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#### ON ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING.

So far are persons in general from having any taste for mere geometrical descriptions of buildings, that many are apt to fancy there is something mysterious in them—not to be understood except by the initiated; nay, there are some who would be shocked at the idea of being set down for fools, and who nevertheless do not scruple to avow that they cannot comprehend the ground-plan or section of a structure; as if it were at all more difficult to understand the map of a house



than the map of a country or a city. If there be any degree of difficulty at all, it might reasonably be imagined to be rather in regard to the latter than the former species of maps, since no idea of the actual appearance of the natural features of a country, of the inequalities of its surface, hill, vale, or plain, is conveyed by such a mode of representation. It is true, in most modern geographical maps, shadow lines are employed to indicate mountains or other elevated tracts of country;—still this is altogether a conventional mode of representation, and the surface itself a mere plane: nor is it at all more easy to conceive hollows or eminences on such a plane, than that walls, columns, and other solid parts are raised upon the shaded parts of a plan, in the same manner as if traced, according to their actual dimensions, upon a level area prepared for the intended building. To most of our readers the nature of such a plan must, doubtless, be so exceedingly obvious, that they may wonder how any one can possibly fail to perceive what is meant by it, even when shown one for the first time; nor should we venture to notice a difficulty that seems to arise only from utter ignorance or downright stupidity, did we not know by frequent experience, that a degree of obtuseness at once provoking and amusing prevails in regard to ground-plans and other geometrical delineations or diagrams of buildings. It is not unusual to hear one who is termed a well-educated person observe, “Really, I can make nothing at all of all this. Those black parts, you say, are the walls; but I do not see any walls. And where are the doors—where are the windows? That is a fire-place, is it? I am sure it does not look at all like one—why, I declare, it is over the door!” &c. &c. Should you happen to have the patience of a martyr or the imperturbation of a stone, you attempt to explain that the walls themselves cannot very well be shown in a plan, as only the situations they occupy are indicated, and in like manner the situations of the doors and windows in the walls. After a prodigious deal of trouble, you may perhaps succeed in giving the party some notion that it is a horizontal, not an upright, plane they are looking at, and that in such a case as that of the fire-place and door, the one is not above, but opposite the other. Ten to one, however, your pains will be attended with no more satisfactory effect than such an answer as, “It is of no use trying, I shall never be able to comprehend it. This, you say, is the door,” (pointing to the fire-place,) “I can’t say it is very much like one; it looks like a mere hole, it is so very low. And there are the windows—they are no higher than the door; besides, I don’t see the sashes. And where is the ceiling?—oh! that, I suppose, is the ceiling; but how happens it to be under the windows?” In

sheer despair you gaze at your ignoramus; and should that ignoramus be of the fairer sex, mutter some indistinct words which she is at liberty to interpret as a compliment to her promptitude of misapprehension.

There is not much more chance of being understood should you attempt to explain the nature of a section; not even though you should describe it as composed of the separate elevations of the individual apartments, divided by the intervening walls and floors of the building. Nay, elevations themselves, except such as consist of a single plane, or if there be any possibility of misapprehending any particulars in it, will infallibly be so misunderstood. Fortunate will it be if you have not to encounter some such a dialogue as the following. "Why is the door so high from the ground? How do you get up to it?"—"Do you not see there is a flight of steps?" "Indeed, I see no such thing. Those, steps! how do you stand upon them? It is only upright wall."—"But if you look at the plan—" "Oh! I don't pretend to understand plans; can't you explain it without that? And pray what does all this shadow mean? I don't see where it comes from."—"It is caused by the projection of the portico."—"What projection? There is none that I can perceive: it is all quite flat."—"But you will see by the plan—" "I tell you again I don't understand your plans at all. Why, pray, is this chimney put just at the corner here?"—"Although it is shown in the elevation, it recedes some distance from it; and if you will but take the trouble to refer to the plan—" "The plan again! Really, Mr. What's-your-name, it is very strange that you can't make yourself understood without those tiresome plans. It is very odd—very odd, indeed. And, pray, Sir, what's the meaning of all this? Here is a window only half finished, and stuck up quite in one corner."—"You are mistaken: that is the profile of the semicircular bow with three windows in front at a right angle to this. Look, you will see how it comes in the plan." "Now, pray do not tease me any more with your plans. Yours are certainly very queer sort of drawings—they show everything in such a droll way. You talk of projections and bows, and 'tis all as flat as the palm of my hand."—"If you would give me leave to explain the principles of geometrical representation—" "It is no use your attempting it, Sir: I assure you I understand nothing of geometry, nor do I ever intend to trouble myself about such matters. What is the use of your showing me these strange things? 'Tis very odd people can't show what a house is to be, without geometry. Geometry, indeed! so I am to learn geometry on purpose to understand your drawing! I assure you, Sir, I can occupy myself much better!"

Caricatured as this may be, it does not upon the whole convey an exaggerated idea of the absurd remarks the unfortunate architect has frequently to encounter, or of the obstinate ignorance with which he has to contend; nay, it in some respects falls very far short of the actual embarrassments that perpetually thwart and perplex him. Should his design for the exterior be approved of, he will probably be called upon to make alterations in his interior distribution that will occasion material changes in the former; or *vice versâ*. Perhaps, too, he will be required to enlarge one apartment, without being allowed either to reduce any of the others, or to extend the plan already laid down. Else, should impossibilities of this kind not be exacted from him, he is in danger of being constantly opposed upon all points of taste, and of experiencing a chilling indifference in regard to those merits his design may derive from plan alone.

We have been led to digress somewhat from the topic we had at first proposed to ourselves, which was merely to point out the unfortunate prejudices which exist with respect to geometrical drawing; we say unfortunate, because an adequate knowledge of architecture can never be obtained without its assistance, or without such diagrams as enable us to comprehend every part of a structure. We admit, indeed, that much of the perplexity we have instanced may easily be obviated by the addition of perspective drawings, and deem it incumbent upon the architect to attain a facility in so expressing his ideas with readiness; still all the merits and value of a design, supposing it to possess any, can never be fully appreciated without an attentive study of its actual forms, as well as its *accidental* perspective appearance. There are various beauties, both of general composition and detail, which can never be perfectly shown by any single perspective view, however ably it may be executed, or however delightful it may be considered as a mere picture. It is certainly the interest of architects themselves, except indeed of those mere bunglers in the profession who depend more upon the ignorance of the public and their employers, than on their own talent,—to encourage a taste for the study of their art as extensively as possible.

Undoubtedly very great pleasure may be derived by an amateur from mere perspective drawings, but his enjoyment would be increased ten-, we might say a hundred-fold, were he likewise capable of entering into the infinite variety of ideas even a single structure will frequently be found to present when thoroughly examined. Contemplation and amusement for hours would then be found in what is otherwise cursorily glanced at with no more than a vague feeling of

approbation. At present hardly any attention is bestowed upon *plan*, although it is a point of primary and paramount importance, being that upon which almost all the rest, except mere ornament and detail, depends. And the consequence of this is, that professional men themselves have been by far too negligent of it; rather confining themselves to what is actually expedient as regards practical convenience, than studious of obtaining those various and captivating effects arising from this source, which are equally, sometimes more, powerful than those produced by the more obvious means of embellishment; and which certainly confer an additional charm upon the latter.

We are not surprised to find that perspective drawing should be by far more popular than the other, and we ourselves should be the very last to attempt to discourage it. We would only recommend equal attention to geometrical designs, which, so far from creating indifference towards the former more pictorial species of delineation, rather enhance the taste for it. To those who practise either mode of drawing, a competent acquaintance with the other is absolutely indispensable to prevent the errors into which they must, otherwise, almost inevitably fall, to a lesser or greater degree. Without a previous knowledge of the actual forms themselves, it is hardly possible for the architectural draftsman; however clever he may be in other respects, to convey a faithful idea of any building. The present race of artists of that class are incontestably very superior to those of the last century,—far more correct, infinitely more spirited and tasteful. Some few indeed have carried this branch of art to its utmost perfection. Still instances of blunder and inaccuracy do occur, and those, too, of a kind hardly to be credited, especially by those who think that if a person can draw at all, he can hardly fail, in point of mere matter of fact, if he do but copy the object before his eyes. The copyist, however, cannot express what he does not see; and there are numerous particulars he will always be in danger of not seeing, unless he is familiar with them, and understands beforehand what he has to represent. To give an instance of this from a well-known subject, we may refer to a View of the Lothbury Front of the Bank of England, where, instead of being narrower at top, the windows are represented equally wide above and below, and altogether much wider in proportion to their height than they really are. Now, the print we allude to is by no means a carelessly executed one; on the contrary, it is by a professed architectural draftsman, and forms one of the illustrations in a more than ordinarily clever architectural work, wherein no pains seem to have been spared in insuring accuracy. Yet, here, is one very decidedly ex-

pressed and very important circumstance, one great characteristic of the particular style of the edifice, entirely overlooked. It is an error, in short, not at all less than that of mistaking a pug for a Roman nose. After this, we may easily judge what confidence is to be placed in those numerous graphic works for which an increasing taste for topographical and architectural subjects has caused a demand.

Without the least wish to depreciate publications of this class, many of which are really very meritorious, and executed in even a superior style, considering their price, we must be allowed to observe that, except as to the general design of the buildings represented in them, they are to be received with a considerable degree of caution and mistrust. At the best they convey but very limited and imperfect ideas of the respective structures,—undoubtedly better than none at all; too frequently also, ideas in many respects fallacious and erroneous, in consequence of the artists being more attentive to graphic effect, even at the expense of truth, than studious to preserve truth, yet embellish and set it off to its utmost advantage by the legitimate flattery of art. Sometimes, indeed, the disregard for graphic veracity is carried to a most unpardonable extent, and that, too, without anything being gained on the score of effect. Not unfrequently does it happen that the letterpress description tells us one thing, and the print quite another; and in such cases the falsehood rests almost invariably with the latter as regards actual matter of fact, the former misleading, or attempting to mislead us only, by the magnificent epithets it applies, à la *George Robins*, to what we perceive to be paltry, insignificant, or tasteless. As to the engravings, we do not see wherefore *graphic lying* should be deemed less inexcusable than some of those other modes of falsehood Mrs. Opie has reprobated in her work on the subject. Certainly, prints can hardly be referred to the class of *white lies*.

Even when perspective drawings tell us “the truth, and nothing but the truth,” they are incapable of telling us “the whole truth.” There still remain various circumstances, respecting which if we would obtain information, we must have recourse to plans, sections, and elevations, also to details of the parts. We think, however, that for perspective interiors, a very simple mode might be adopted, which would enable us to ascertain some of the principal measurements with tolerable accuracy, when, as in the case of single prints, there is neither letterpress nor explanatory diagrams. It consists in merely subjoining below the view two scales, one proportioned to the picture plane, the other to the further extremity of the picture, which being parallel to the spectator, will rarely deviate much from a mere geometrical

elevation of that end or side of the interior represented. Should it happen to consist of more than one plane, or should there be any intermediate plane for which it would be desirable to have a scale, the exact situations to which the scale is adjusted, might be indicated by a slight notch or point at the margin. It is true that we should thus obtain rather an approximation to, than particular accuracy of the measurements, and this only in proportion as the perspective should be correct; still it would be sufficient for general purposes; and as the addition of such a scale would be attended with hardly any additional trouble or expense, it is possible that the hint we have thus thrown out may not be entirely disregarded.

#### ENGLISH ARCHITECTS, AND THEIR WORKS.

[Continued from p. 98\*.]

**SOLOMON DE CAUS** or **DE CAUX**, a Gascon, was Prince Henry's drawing-master. In 1612, the year of the Prince's death, he published a book on Perspective, and two others. Walpole learnt also that the building of the front of Wilton by Inigo Jones, was conducted by this person. From the prints in this work, Walpole thought that he was the brother of *Isaac de Caus*, and assisted him in building the porticos and loggias of Gorhambury, and at least part of Camden House near Kensington: vide *British Topog.* vol. ii. p. 375. De Caux, or Caus, was also employed by the Prince of Wales in making additions to the Palace at Richmond before 1612. It was a picture-gallery, which was afterwards furnished by his brother Charles I. It appears from the *Archæolog.* vol. xv. p. 17, that De Caus had been paid 2826*l.* 0*s.* 10½*d.* on account of these works, and there remained due to him when the Prince died, 303*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* In the *Lansdowne MSS.* No. 446. *Brit. Mus.* is an account of moneys issued to Solomon de Caus for works at Greenwich and Somerset Gardens in 1612.

**MOSES GLOVER**, alluded to in the *Life of Bernard Jansen*; we are told in the "*New Description of London*," vol. v., that from some letters in the front when it was last rebuilt, it was inferred, that one Moses Glover was the architect, which is not improbable, as that great curio-

\* According to our chronological order, we should before have inserted the name of **RICHARD KIRBY**, who in 1562 was the architect of Hill Hall, Essex, built by Sir Thomas Smith.

sity at Sion House, the Survey of Sion and the neighbouring Villages, was performed by Moses Glover, painter and architect. In that valuable plan are views of the royal houses, and seats in the neighbourhood. It is probable, says Walpole, in a note on "the letters in front," that originally there was a larger inscription, containing, as he supposes, the titles of the Earl of Northampton the founder, in Latin, as well as the builder's name; for in Camden's *Annalium Apparatus* of James I., p. 45, at the end of his Letters, it is said, that at the funeral of Queen Anne a young man among the spectators was killed by the fall of the letter S from the top of Northampton House\*.

— GYPKIN. The name of an architect mentioned in "The Progress of King James," vol. iv. p. 595, note,—which work, I regret to say, is not at present accessible to me.

S. PATTISON, architect, lies buried in Chelsea churchyard: his date I think is about 1600; his works are not known to me.

GERARD CHRISTMAS. It may be presumed that this artist was as much a sculptor as an architect; and before the portal of Northumberland House was altered by Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart., created Earl of Northumberland in 1750, there were in a frieze near the top, in large capitals, C. Æ., an enigma long, says Walpole, inexplicable to antiquaries. Vertue found that at that period, when the house was built, lived Christmas, an architect and carver of reputation, who gave the design of Aldersgate, and cut the bas-relief on it, and James I. on horseback; and thence concluded that those letters signified *Christmas ædificavit*. Jansen, Walpole says, probably built the house, which was of brick; and the frontispiece, which was of stone, was finished by Christmas. The carvers of the great ship built at Woolwich by Mr. Peter Pett in 1637, were John and Matthias Christmas, sons of Gerard; these sons also made a tomb at Ampton in Suffolk, for Sir H. Calthorpe: Gough's *Topog.* vol. i. p. 579. In the same work is mentioned a panegyric on "Mayster Gerard Crystmas, for bringing pagents and figures to such great perfection both in symetry and substance, being before but unshapen monsters made only of slight wicker-work and paper." Vertue had seen a printed copy of verses in praise of Gerard Christmas the father.

ROBERT SMITHSON is said by a writer in the *Gentleman's Maga-*

\* Northampton House was originally built by Henry Howard earl of Northampton. He left it to his kinsman the Earl of Suffolk, and by marriage of Algeron Percy earl of Northumberland with Elizabeth daughter of Theophilus earl of Suffolk, it passed into that family about 1642, and has ever since been called Northumberland House.



zine for November 1831, to have been an older member of the family than Huntingdon Smithson: he died October 10th, 1614, aged 79, and was "the architector and surveyor unto the most worthy house of Wollaton with divers others of great account, as recorded by his epitaph in Wollaton church." But regarding Wollaton, again, it is said that the architect was John of Padua; the *overlooker*, Robert Smithson. Wollaton has also been attributed to John Thorpe. (See his article.)

HUNTINGDON SMITHSON, according to Lysons's *History of Derbyshire*, was the architect of Bolsover Castle in that county, the foundation of this mansion being laid by Sir Charles Cavendish in 1613. Most of the rooms in this mansion are small; the dining-room, or, as it is called, the pillar parlour, about twenty-one feet square, is supported in the centre by a circular pillar, round which is placed the table. Above-stairs is a large room called the star-chamber, about forty-five feet by thirty.

There have been various opinions concerning the date of the magnificent range of buildings which extends along the grand terrace now (1817) in a dilapidated state. Mr. Bray was of opinion that the apartments in these buildings were fitted up for the entertainment of Charles I. and his Queen, by the celebrated Duke of Newcastle, the well known amateur of horses, &c.—See Lysons's *Derbyshire*. Dr. Pegge, on the contrary, supposes this building to have been erected some time after the Restoration. Lord Orford, who was of the same opinion with respect to its having been constructed after the Restoration, suggests that it might have been built from designs prepared before the civil war by Huntingdon Smithson, who died in 1648. The date of Diepenbeck's *View of Bolsover* (1652) decides the point that the building in question was erected before the Restoration: it is equally certain that it must have been erected before the civil wars,—indeed before the royal visit just mentioned; it being impracticable that the king and queen with their Court and "all the gentry of the country" could have been entertained in the mansion already described: indeed, from the slight manner in which the Duchess in the *Life of her husband* speaks of the additions made by him to Bolsover Castle, we think it a more probable conjecture, that the great range of buildings now in ruins was built, as well as the mansion which is now habitable, by his father. The Duke's additions probably consisted of the spacious riding-house for the practice of his favourite amusement, the smithy, &c. &c. Mr. Dallaway, in his additions to the *Life of Smithson*, says Huntingdon Smithson was the architect of Bolsover Castle, rebuilt in 1613 by Sir Charles Cavendish, and before his death had completed the far-famed

riding-house for the Duke of Newcastle. Dr. Pegge supposes that the great range of buildings was never completed. There can be little doubt that it was completed and occupied long before the time of the civil war. Huntingdon Smithson lies buried in the chancel of Bolsover church, with this inscription:

Reader, beneath this plain stone buried lie  
Smithson's remainder of mortality;  
Whose skill in architecture did deserve  
A fairer tomb his memory to preserve.  
But since his nobler works of piety  
To God, his justice and his charity,  
Are gone to heaven, a building to prepare,  
Not made with hands, his friends contented are  
He here shall rest in hope 'till the worlds shall burn,  
And intermingle ashes with his urn.

Ob. Decemb. 27, 1648.

JOHN SMITHSON, his son, a man, says Walpole, of some skill in architecture, who died in 1678, was buried in the same grave with his father. Walpole says, *John Smithson* was an architect in the service of the Earls of Newcastle; that *he* built part of Welbeck in 1604; and the riding-house there, as appears *by his name over the gate*, in 1623, and the stables in 1625; they are 130 feet long by 40 broad, and contain forty stalls, still the finest in the kingdom, with the exception of the royal stables at Brighton. And when William Cavendish, Earl and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, proposed to repair and make great additions to Bolsover Castle, Smithson, it is said, was sent to Italy to collect designs. From them Walpole supposed it was that the noble apartment erected by the Duke, and lately pulled down, was completed. Hence it appears that either the Christian names of these architects have been confounded, or that Huntingdon and John Smithson, the father and the son, were both employed at Bolsover. Many of Smithson's drawings were purchased by the late Lord Byron from Smithson's descendants, who lived at Bolsover. Bolsover Castle, or at least the additional buildings, has also been attributed to one March or Murch,—see his article; also to John Thorpe,—see vol. iii. p. 486: but Thorpe is said by Lloyd to have superintended the building *designed* by Henry Howard earl of Northampton for his nephew, Thomas earl of Suffolk. This earl of Northampton likewise planned his own residence at Charing Cross, now Northumberland House.

[To be continued.]

## NATIONAL GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

(Continued from p. 50.)

It has been remarked by an intelligent observer and practitioner in Art, that the pleasures derived from the contemplation of fine landscapes, is at once more universal and more lasting than that afforded by any other class of fine pictures ; and that although you may tire of every other kind of composition, the eye that is capable of appreciating its beauties will always return with fresh and lively sensations to a fine landscape. True it is, that the mind is not always capable of high excitement—of indulging in poetical sentiment, in moral satire, nor always willing to be amused by merely humorous effusions ;—while the undefinable associations that are awakened by the contemplation of “ Nature’s wide expanse,” even when not in harmony with our feelings, will often charm us into composure by attuning them to pleasing emotions. In proportion therefore as the representation is excellent, will be the effect upon our minds by the contemplation of a fine landscape—independently of those which arise to the practised eye from the adventitious aids of beauty in form and colour : and this is at least one way of accounting for what we have always believed to be true.

Our National Collection is rich in ‘his delightful department of the Art, from the hands of the Poussins, Claude, Rubens, Both, Cuyp and Canaletti.—Caracci and Domenichino, have likewise contributed fine specimens of the classical and less familiar style ; while our own countrymen Wilson, Gainsborough, and, though last not least, Sir George Beaumont, furnish several noble works in a style peculiar to the British School,—of which we may safely and proudly say, it has never been surpassed in the primary qualities of landscape painting,—truth and character. Of this the two pictures by Gainsborough are striking proofs ; the freedom of hand and touch, and liveliness of natural effect in ‘The Market Cart,’ give to the picture all the advantages of art and nature ; and the singular power of generalizing the numerous objects of an English landscape, so peculiar to the works of Gainsborough, conveys to the mind and feelings the strongest idea of truth, at the same time that it proves more strongly still the admirable skill of the painter. The other large picture of ‘The Watering Place’, where cattle are assembled at the close of day on the skirts of a deep wood, is of a different character.—From the richness and depth of tone in which it is painted, and the calm and serious associations which naturally accompany the approach of twilight, this picture excites a deep

interest in the mind. A rich glow of yellow light of a low tone, from the just-departed sun, pervades the whole, and the sentiment and character is every way appropriate—evinced at once a high degree of poetical feeling, and a noble style of Art. To our minds, no painter of our school stands so entirely unapproached by any of his numerous fellows as Thomas Gainsborough.

The works of Richard Wilson have justly acquired a very high rank in the estimation of his country and the world; but in the minds of many he is surpassed by the vigorous and various works of Gainsborough, whose mind and energies embraced every variety of nature, and could clothe with grace and interest the most common objects, without injury to character, and shed almost the light of Nature herself from his pencil. He steered a most happy course between the vulgar and the artificial: and although we shall here confine our remarks to the landscapes of Gainsborough, we do not forget that he was no unworthy competitor with the immortal Reynolds in the loftier branch of portrait painting\*.

But we were speaking of the works of Wilson, whose name cannot be mentioned without exciting a painful reflection, that a man possessed of such powers should have been unable to obtain more than the scantiest subsistence even in his own country,—that country now so lavish in his praise!

Of the works of these distinguished British painters, we have two only of each;—the Wilsons, both the gift of Sir George Beaumont. The 'Niobe' is, however, a work of a very high class of merit, and too well known to need a lengthened description. The splendid print by Woollett displays a union of kindred talent and feeling of which we may be justly proud; as long as it shall endure, it will be a lasting monument to the fame of Wilson and of Woollett, and to the honour of British Art: it is not improbable, had Wilson himself selected a picture on which to rest his fame in the Gallery of the nation, that the 'Niobe' would have been his choice. As a composition, the style is bold and appropriate, the conception poetical, and the execution complete in all its parts; and although the grandeur of the action and the story is of so high a class, the powers of the Artist have invented a scene and produced an effect in perfect keeping with the subject,—the dignity of which is not by any means sacrificed to the landscape, nor does the landscape appear subservient to the story, but both alike combine to render the expression true. There is nothing to excite our national

\* We have lately seen a 'Musidora' by this artist, possessing a high degree of poetical feeling,—the size of life.

pride in the picture of 'Mæcenas' Villa at Tivoli'; but probably the hand of Time or some other destroyer has been at work. It would be no more than justice to the name and fame of Richard Wilson, to have his finest works collected for exhibition; and we hope that the Directors of the British Institution will one day think of this. The numerous fine pictures by Romney, also, that are scattered about in the country would alone form a striking exhibition; and it seems to us that his fame, like that of Wilson, has been too long left to faith and belief, without the *evidences* which might be produced to prove it.

The Canaletti is a piece of fine vigorous painting, but not a favourable specimen for the public eye, of the peculiar beauties of the master, which consist in describing the sparkling beauties and bright skies of Venetian scenery.

We have been unconsciously, but it may be hoped not inexcusably, led, in the fullness of our hearts, to give precedence to our own school of landscape, or rather to our own feelings on the subject; but it is not to be inferred therefore, that we are in any degree less sensible than we ought to be of the great merits of the other highly esteemed works we are about to mention.

In No. 79, a landscape by Gasper Poussin, with the figures of Abraham and Isaac going to the sacrifice, we have indeed a picture of the first class, and in the highest state of preservation. It is often a matter of much doubt and difficulty, in studying the works of our glorious predecessors of former days, to determine whether the picture came from the hand of the master as we now behold it. But there can be no doubt or hesitation of that kind with respect to this truly beautiful composition, which does not appear to have undergone the slightest change, either from injury, accident, or repair, since it was delivered from the hand of Gasper himself to the princely patron for whose gallery it was painted. The calm quietness of the scene, the amenity of colour, and perfect harmoniousness of tone and effect, are but too likely to deprive this picture of that general attention to which it is eminently entitled,—as it is by no means so striking as the 'Land Storm' by the same great hand, or many others by which it is surrounded. We are therefore the more inclined to give such a description of it as may draw attention to its genuine qualities.

It represents, in the middle of the scene, a highly picturesque and woody dell, into which the eye eagerly enters, but is soon lost in its winding obscurity, and out of which it emerges afar off, rising to a somewhat high horizon, the long flat lines of which convey the idea of almost endless distance,—painted with reference, no doubt, to the

well-known plains of the Campagna, which Gasper has often introduced in his works. The indications of remains of towns and buildings are introduced with that perfection of skill and judgement which gives so classical an air to his compositions ; and the grandeur of this extensive flat country forms a highly interesting contrast to the bold and beautiful groups of lofty trees which occupy both sides of the front of the picture, and are painted with a freshness of colour and freedom of touch that are rarely surpassed.

The figures, supposed to be of Abraham and his son Isaac, are small, and wholly subservient to the elaborate beauty of the landscape ; they are seen toiling up a long and verdant steep, as if about to enter the wood, and the sequestered character of the spot is well adapted to the action which is about to take place.

The pure and masterly method in which the best works of Gasper are painted, has always appeared to us to place him as much above all others in manual skill as he unquestionably is in classic expression and grandeur of composition ; and, what is remarkable, we have never seen any successful attempt to catch his happy freedom of touch, or enter into his plan of painting, which, unlike many of the great masters, appears to be easy of detection, and well worth the search. "*Ars est celare artem*" says the proverb, and so also says the critic ; but still it should not be so concealed as to make us exclaim with another proverb, "*Ars non est inventus*." Could the true and vigorous landscapes of Lee and Constable receive the improvement which a classical direction of their studies could not fail to impart, they would, we are sure, add greatly to their high and well-deserved reputation. Our general style of Art partakes, perhaps, of our *John Bullism* ; and whilst the true and homely character is so prevalent, it is vain to think of rivalling the excellence of the schools.

The other pictures by Gasper Poussin are well worthy of his name ; but, excepting the large "Landscape, with the story of Dido and Æneas," from Mr. H. Carr's collection, are not prominent or striking in subject or execution. This work possesses great force of effect, and the forms, though appearing to be at the instant under the wild influence of Nature herself in a wild mood, yet are painted with deep study and attention to grace and beauty of arrangement, and with boldness and grandeur throughout, though still with a natural freedom of touch and truth of character. Of this picture we should think the same cannot be so confidently asserted with respect to its present hue and condition, as compared with its first state ; we cannot suppose it exhibited such a prepon-



derance of blackness when fresh from the painter's hand. The groups of figures introduced into different parts of the picture, though in themselves beautiful, do not quite harmonize with the rest.

The noble works of Nicholas Poussin, though possessing the highest claims on the admiration of those who have studied Art, are certainly not the most attractive to the ordinary observer; they were not painted to please, but may be compared to those books which are celebrated for their learning, and which are therefore read only by the learned; indeed there are few matters of the kind more perplexing than to know how to convey some sense of the great merits of the works of Poussin to those who fail to perceive them. It is perhaps impossible to conceive their excellence, without some previous knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the antique, to which he was so much devoted, as to give his figures, notwithstanding the assistance of colour, rather the appearance of statues than men and women. That the immortal Gasper derived great assistance from his connexion and relationship with Nicolo, there is abundant evidence in the works of each;—in the landscapes of the latter there is a *weight of grandeur* and hardness of outline which the former happily succeeded in avoiding, while he retained the lofty air and dignity by which the works of Nicolo are distinguished, and it must ever contribute to raise the interest with which the works of Gasper are considered by the painter, to reflect how frequently the minds of both were exercised on the same picture.

There are few finer specimens—we have seen none—of the peculiar mind of Nicolo in landscape, than the picture No. 15. in this collection, although the heavy blue sky can scarcely be the sky he painted; and we think this picture has had the misfortune of being a good deal *repaired*. It is, however, a matchless piece of composition, and very powerfully excites the mind to musing and meditation. This is also part of the well-chosen collection presented by Sir G. Beaumont, and is an eminent proof of his liberal taste and judgement,—for the style is the reverse of that he himself adopted in painting. The sensations created by the contemplation of this umbrageous scene are those of passing through the cool and sombre avenues of a majestic grove, with every attribute of a whispering silence (?); the trickling of fresh water from a fountain into the basin beneath, where an old traveller is refreshing his weary limbs, with figures here and there passing among the trees, whose deep shade veils the senses in a sweet and gentle monotony of mind and feeling akin to the fullness of calm enjoyment. At some distance through the wood appears a bright (in comparison) effect of light on the side of a mountain,



on the declivity of which stand some fine buildings, sufficient to recall the senses at pleasure to the "busy hum of men." It seems to us an exquisite specimen of sentimental and classic landscape.

The Bacchanalian compositions of this matchless master require, as has been before suggested, an acquaintance with the antique and the mysteries of old, to enable us to enter into their merits, which consist in the academic knowledge which the fine drawing of the figures generally exhibits, and the skill and character which is displayed in the groups and attributes. These are truly admirable; and there are few, if any, more genuine specimens of his excellence in this his peculiar style, than those in the National Gallery.

Domenichino and Caracci, though not registered as landscape painters, have both and each done much to elevate and improve our taste in that department: their landscapes, however, will not please the general eye, which seeks for natural beauty rather than classic or poetical character. We cannot however omit directing attention to an exquisite cabinet picture of Domenichino, No. 94, 'A Landscape, with Tobit and the Angel,' and to those who do not perceive its beautiful perfection at first sight, we only say *Look again*.

We have not any picture here denoting the grand style of Caracci; but two very interesting, because evidently genuine, *bits* from his undoubted hand,—'The Silenus' and 'Pan teaching Apollo,' a comparison of which with the Bacchanalian groups of N. Poussin will show how superior was the accuracy and precision of Annibal's drawing of the figure. 'The Silenus' is most unfavourably placed for a picture of its dimensions and character.

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#### FITZWILLIAM COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS, AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE Fitzwilliam Collection of Paintings was bequeathed to the University of Cambridge by Richard the seventh Viscount Fitzwilliam, of the kingdom of Ireland, who died the 4th of February 1816, in the 71st year of his age, having been born in August 1745.

There are few instances on record, of amateurs so devoted to the pleasures to be derived from works of art, as Lord Fitzwilliam. This taste he seems to have inherited, with the nucleus of his Collection, from his maternal grandfather Sir M. Decker, Bart. The two gems by Gerard Douw, the 'Schoolmaster and Scholars', and 'Portrait of a Market Woman', (which ought to be preserved with glass,) were, with the Vander-

velde and several others, formerly in the possession of Sir M. Decker, whose estate his Lordship inherited, and upon which he latterly altogether resided at Richmond. For the last twenty years of his life he lived in almost complete seclusion, not seeing even his former most intimate friends, and absorbed in the pursuits of high taste and learning, as connected with those pursuits. His collection of engravings was almost unrivalled, and his library was of a princely character. His greatest horror was to see a fine collection dispersed, and he often lamented to those who had access to him, that there was no public depository for works of art, to which amateurs could bequeath their treasures; he therefore determined to establish such an one at the University of Cambridge, of which he had formerly been a member. This he accordingly carried into effect, bequeathing to that learned body the paintings and drawings he had collected,—nearly 200 in number, and, with a few exceptions, of extraordinary excellence. When the Orleans collection was on sale, he offered 35,000*l.* for the whole; but three speculating noblemen, having joined in bidding 40,000*l.*, the pictures were sold to them, without any intimation being given to Lord Fitzwilliam. His Lordship's anger at this is described to have been beyond all bounds, he declaring he would rather have given 50,000*l.* than have lost the collection; nor was his vexation diminished by observing the paintings divided between the parties, in the spirit of trade,—while a boast was made, that, after a division of what was conceived the best, the remainder were sold for more than the original cost of the whole. The history of this speculation is given with all the unction of a picture-dealer, in Mr. Buchanan's very amusing *Memoirs of Painting*. Of those so offered for sale, Lord Fitzwilliam did not hesitate to avail himself; and some of the choicest of his paintings will accordingly be observed to have been selected from that collection,—the dispersion of which seems to have still more strengthened his determination to found a gallery where choice works of art might be gathered and preserved inviolate. He accordingly made the bequest before mentioned, and added the sum of 100,000*l.* South Sea Annuities, the interest of which (about 3000*l.* per annum,) is now accumulating for the purpose of erecting an appropriate building. We trust that this will soon be proceeded with, and that another architectural ornament will be added to those with which Mr. Wilkins has already enriched the University to which he owes his academic honours.

*A Catalogue of Paintings and Drawings bequeathed to the University of  
Cambridge by the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam.*

The Pictures marked thus (\*) were formerly in the Orleans Collection.

Portrait of a Dutch Officer.—*Rembrandt*.

Abraham journeying to the land of Canaan.—*Castiglione*.

Quintus Curtius leaping into the gulf; with a view of the Amphitheatre,  
&c.—*Panini*.

Landscape and Figures (refreshing themselves).—*Zuccharelli*.

\*Portrait of Philip II. King of Spain, and of the Princess D'Eboli.—*Titian*.

Portrait of a female Artist, supposed to be Armanha Peters.—*Hals*.

\*Amphitrite, with other Figures.—*A. Caracci*.

\*St. Roch and the Angel.—*Annibal Caracci*.

A Sea-Piece—A Storm.—*Vandervelde*.

Flowers: *Verelst*.

The Siege of Besançon, a fortified city in France, by the Prince of Condé,  
which was in possession of the Spauiards.—*Vander Meulen*.

Portrait of himself.—*Craayer*.

\*Christ and the Angel appearing to the Virgin Mary, with Cherubs in the  
distance.—*L. Caracci*.

\*Adoration of the Shepherds.—*Giorgione*.

Portrait of a Man.—*Cornelius de Vos*, called his master-piece.

A View of Theobalds near Ware in Hertfordshire.—*Vinckenbooms*.

A Portrait of Sir Matthew Decker, father to the late Lady Fitzwilliam.

A Stag Hunt.—*Snyders*.

Portrait of a Child, being in the possession of Sir M. Decker.

Portrait of a Child with a Goat: the Fitzwilliam Arms are on the Picture.

A Larder (the Figure by Reubens).—*Snyders*.

Portraits of the late Lady Fitzwilliam and her three Sisters.—*De Meyer*.

A View of the Palace of Richmond in Surrey.—*Vinckenbooms*.

Adoration of the Holy Trinity by St. Philippi Neri, founder of the Congre-  
gation of Les Pères de l'Oratoire. (He is in their dress).—*Annibal Caracci*.

St. Jerome preaching in the Wilderness.—*Bassan*.

A View of the Church Salute, with other Buildings at Venice.—*Canaletti*.

\*Mercury, Herse, and Aglauros;—Mercury strikes Aglauros with his cadu-  
ceus, and metamorphoses her into stone for being jealous of her sister  
Herse. There is a representation of a Figure behind the curtain.—*Paul  
Veronese*.

Cattle and Shepherds.—*Bassan*†.

A Sea-Piece: in the back-ground is a view of Rotterdam.—*Storck*.

A Portrait of Fiamingo, a Sculptor.—*Velasquez*.

\*Venus and Cupid.—*Giacopo Palma*, called the *Old*.

A frame containing two Portraits by a Dutch Artist, about the time of Van-  
dyke.

A View in Italy, with figures.—*Gasper Poussin*.

A Lady Fitzwilliam.—*Sir Peter Lely*.

† Query, in the Orleans Collection?

180 *Fitzwilliam Collection of Paintings, at Cambridge.*

- A fine Landscape, with Cattle and Figures, a Cascade, and a view of the river Tiber: in the distance is Mount Serat.—*Both.* (The Figures by his brother John.)
- The Death of the Stag, with a Landscape and Figures.—*Zuccharelli.*
- Embarkation of the Dutch Embassy to the Parliament of England in behalf of Charles I.—*De Vlieger.*
- A View of the Cathedral at Haarlem.—*Berkheyden.*
- The Wise Men's Offering.—*Polemberg.*
- A View of the Aqueduct at Tivoli.—*Reinagle.*
- A Ship in Distress in the Ice in Greenland.—*Hondius.*
- A Hall and a Landscape and Figures.—*Peter Wouvermans.*
- A French Conversation.—*Watteau.*
- Christ's Agony and Praying in the Garden.—*Filippo Lauri.*
- \*A View of the Campo Vaccini at Rome.—*Swanefeld.*
- Portrait of a Man's Head.—*Schalcken.*
- A Wake, with a number of Figures dancing and regaling themselves—Boys playing in the fore-grounds.—*J. Stein.*
- An old Woman combing a girl's hair.—*Brackelcamp.*
- A French Conversation.—*Watteau.*
- A View of the Stadt House at Amsterdam.—*Berkheyden.*
- An old Woman paring Apples in a farm-house in Holland.—*Teniers.*
- Venus and Cupid.—*Pordenone.*
- Inside of a Hall, and Figures, with a perspective View of the Interior Part of the House.—*Gislaer.*
- A View of the Rocks and Water in the Park of the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam at Mount Merrion.—*Ashford.*
- A French Beggar Girl.—*Greuze.*
- A Landscape and Figures, with Bacchus and Ariadne.—*Vanderwerf.*
- Temptation of St. Anthony.—*Teniers.*
- Portrait of a Man's Head.—*Holbein.*
- The Interior of a Church in Germany with a Christening, and other Figures.—*Van Delen.*
- A Landscape, with Dead Game, Fruit, and Flowers.—*Weenix.*
- A Portrait of Sir Matthew Decker's Father on Horseback, with a Landscape in the distance of a view in Holland.—*Lievens.*
- \*A Landscape by Moonlight.—*Adam Elsheimer.*
- Portrait of a Man's Head.—*F. Bol.*
- A French Beggar Boy.—*Greuze.*
- Adoration of the Shepherds.—*Rothenhamer and Brueghel.*
- \*Cupid and Psyche.—*Elsheimer.*
- \*Our Saviour, with St. John, the Virgin Mary, Joseph, and Simeon.—*Leonardo da Vinci.*
- \*Rebecca and Abraham's Servant at the Well.—*N. Poussin.*
- Pheasants and Ducks.—*Hondius.*
- A View, from Mount Merrion, of Dublin, Butter's Town, and Raw-Buck Castle.—*Ashford.*
- A Landscape and Cattle.—*Ruysdael.*
- Inside of a Stable, with Goats, &c.—*Cornelius Sachtleven.*
- Landscape, with a View of Capadibore.—*Breemberg.*
- Boor playing at the door of a little Cabin.—*Ostade.*

## *Fitzwilliam Collection of Paintings, at Cambridge.* 181

- A Sea-Piece: A Calm.—*De Vlieger*.  
 Cupid and Psyche.—*Coyvel*.  
 Herodias's Daughter with the Head of St. John the Baptist in a charger.—*Old Franck*.  
 A Landscape, with Men coursing.—*Wynants*.  
 A Madonna.—*Carlo Dolci*.  
 Inside of a Farm House.—*Brackenburgh*.  
 A Landscape, with managed Horses.—*Dirk Maas*.  
 Lady Fitzwilliam, grandmother to the late Lord. The Artist not known.  
 The Judgement of Paris.—*Rothenhamer* and *Brueghel*.  
 Dutch Courtship.—*Terburgh*.  
 A Landscape, the Sale of Joseph by his Brethren, with Cattle (the Figures by *Swanefeld*)—*Claude Lorrain* †.  
 A View of Mount Merrion.—*Ashford*.  
 Portrait of Margaret Viscountess Fitzwilliam.—*Cornelius Janssen*.  
 A Landscape, with Ruins, and Figures.—*Polemborg*.  
 A Landscape, with Ruins, and Women bathing.—*Polemborg*.  
 Jesus and the Woman of Samaria at the Well.—*Sebastian Bourdon*.  
 Schoolmaster and Scholars.—*Gerard Douw*.  
 The Annunciation, with a fine perspective of a Church.—*Albert Durer*.  
 Flowers.—*Picters*.  
 The late Earl Pembroke, when a boy.—*Knapton*.  
 John and Thomas Fitzwilliam, who fell in the Battle against the Scots at Flodden Field, on Friday, Sept. 9, 1513. A Copy, by *Hudson*.  
 A Landscape, with Satyrs, &c.—*Gaspar Poussin*.  
 A Landscape, with Diana and Women bathing, with Acteon and his Dogs.—*Polemborg*.  
 A Landscape, with Cattle: the Departure of Joseph from his Brethren.—*Claude Lorrain*. The Figures by *Swanefeld* †.  
 A View of Mount Merrion.—*Ashford*.  
 Portrait of Thos. Viscount Fitzwilliam.—*Cornelius Janssen*.  
 The Wise Men's Offering.—*De Meyer*.  
 Boors playing at Cards.—*Geldton*.  
 Portrait of a Man.—*Velasquez*.  
 A View of the Rhine near Cologne.—*Herman Sachtleoven*.  
 A Landscape, with Venus and Cupids.—*Albano*.  
 View of the Walls of a Town, an old Castle, group of Figures.—*Tillemans*.  
 A Landscape, with managed Horses.—*Dirk Maas*.  
 A Portrait of Lord Fitzwilliam, grandfather to the late Lord. The Artist not known.  
 A Landscape, with a Cave and Figures.—*B. Breemberg*.  
 Portrait of a Man, supposed to be Rembrandt, holding a picture.—*Rembrandt*.  
 A Lady holding a Plate.—*Schalken*.  
 Portraits of J. Stein, his Wife, and Son, the latter being instructed by his father to draw some flowers.—*J. Stein*.

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† Query, altogether by *Swanefeld* ‡

‡ Query, altogether by *Swanefeld*? This and the companion we believe to be the only doubtful pictures in the collection.

182 *Fitzwilliam Collection of Paintings, at Cambridge.*

- A perspective View of the Interior Court, taken from the Gallery of the Doge's Palace at Venice.—*Canaletti*.
- Ruins and Figures.—*Panini*.
- Lady Decker, maternal grandmother to the late Lord Fitzwilliam. The Artist unknown.
- A Stable, with Managed Horses.—*Philip Wouermans*.
- A Landscape in Spain of a Nobleman's Chateau, a Bridge, and Figures.—*Rowland Savery*.
- A Landscape, with Figures, from Mount Merriion, with the late Lord Fitzwilliam giving orders to his Steward.—*Ashford*.
- The Honourable Mr. W. Fitzwilliam, uncle to the late Lord Fitzwilliam.—*Gainsborough*.
- An old Woman's Market Stall, consisting of Onions, Eggs, Red Herrings, Chestnuts, Medlars, Brooms, &c. A young Woman purchasing Chestnuts.—*Mieris*.
- A Landscape, with Horses and Figures.—*Cuyp*.
- A Landscape, with our Saviour, St. John, the Virgin Mary, and an Angel.—*Annibal Caracci*.
- Christ calling to Zaccheus.—*Palma Vecchio*.
- Thomas Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, great-grandfather to the late Lord Fitzwilliam.—Artist not known.
- Portrait of a Market Woman with a Basket of Apples and a Flower Pot.—*Gérard Dow*.
- Inside of a Church, said to be the great Church at Antwerp : by *P. Neefs*. The Figures by *Teniers*.
- A whole-length Portrait of Lord Southampton, Admiral of England, with a Landscape in the distance.—*Holbein*.
- A Landscape, with Horses and Figures, Cows in the distance.—*Cuyp*.
- Christ's Agony in the Mount of Olives.—*Fetti*.
- The Angel appearing to Elijah.—*Palma Vecchio*.
- Mary Staplyton, wife to Thomas Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, great-grandmother to the late Lord Fitzwilliam. The Artist not known.
- Tancred and Sigismunda.—*Vander-Werf*.
- A Landscape, with Horses drinking at the Water.—*Ph. Wouermans*.
- A Sea Piece : A breeze near a Dutch Port.—*De Vlieger*.
- A View in the Park of Mount Merriion, with a distant view of the Hill of Howth, and the Bay of Dublin.—*Ashford*.
- A Portrait of General Lloyd, who was many years in the Emperor of Russia's service, an intimate friend of the late Lord Fitzwilliam.—*Hone*.
- A Boy offering cakes at the door of a house in Holland ; and other figures.—*J. Stein*.
- A View of St. Mark's Church at Venice, with the four Bronze Horses that were taken by Buonaparte to Paris.—*Canaletti*.
- Ruins and Figures near Rome.—*Panini*.
- Portrait of Catherine Vaux, wife to Henry Baron Abergavenny. Artist not known.
- A Drawing of Milton.—*J. Cipriani*.
- La Maison quarrée à Nismes.—*Bonomi*.
- The Interior of St. Peter's Church at Rome.—*Panini*.
- The Interior of St. Peter's Church at Rome.—*Panini*.

- The Interior of St. Peter's Church at Rome.—*Panini*.  
 The Interior of St. Peter's Church at Rome.—*Panini*.  
 A Front View of St. Peter's Church and the Vatican at Rome.—*Panini*.  
 Four Views near Rome, Albano, and Tivoli.—*Clarissa*.  
 The Drawing of a Stove at a Nobleman's house at Paris; with three Graces, in marble, supporting a Globe.—*Bernard*.  
 A Drawing of a distant View of the Sea, and the Lake of Nemi.—*Cozens*.  
 A Landscape, with the Castle of Gandolpho on the Lake of Albano.—*Cozens*.  
 An Illumination of the Cross at St. Peter's Church on Good Friday, with Figures.—*Bernard*.  
 Two Drawings of Ruins and Figures, near Rome.—*Antonio Zucchio*.  
 The antique *Labrum* of one entire piece of Egyptian Granite, with the fountain in the Campo Vaccino, at Rome.—*Ducros*.  
 View of Mount Palatine, Constantine's Arch, the Coliseum, &c. at Rome; taken from the Church of San Gregorio.—*Capo fecit*, 1794.  
 Baths near Rome, by *Bonomi*.  
 Six Views in Italy.—*A. Zucchio*.  
 An Antique Statue of Minerva, at the Capitol at Rome.—*Bernard*.  
 A Drawing, with Figures.—*Angelica Kaufmann*.  
 The Entrance of the Museum, at the Vatican at Rome.—*Bernard*.  
 A spirited Drawing of a Sacrifice, and Landscape, with a number of Figures.—*Antonio Beaufort, jun.*  
 A Portrait of the late Lord Fitzwilliam's Father, considered a very good likeness (in crayons).—*Hoare*.  
 A Portrait of the late Lady Fitzwilliam, mother to the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, considered a very good likeness (in crayons).—*Hoare*.  
 A Print of the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam.—*Earlom*.  
 A Landscape with a Pine Apple, being the first that ever grew in England, which was in Sir Matthew Decker's garden at Richmond, in Surrey; grandfather to the late Lord Fitzwilliam.—*Netscher*.  
 Portrait of the late Lord Fitzwilliam, (founder of the Museum,) in his morning dress; considered as an excellent likeness.—*Howard, R.A.* Painted in the sixtieth year of his age.  
 The Honourable Mr. Fitzwilliam (the same) of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in the nineteenth year of his age, painted by *Wright* of Derby, in 1764, for his private tutor Dr. Hallifax, late Bishop of Gloucester; and presented to the Museum by the Rev. R. Fitzwilliam Hallifax, of Batchcott, near Ludlow, his son, and godson of Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, Nov. 1819.  
 A Drawing of Christ and St. Thomas.—*A. F. b. l.*  
 A Profile of Mr. Gray, drawn by Mr. Mapleloft in 1765, and given by Mr. Gray to Mr. Fitzwilliam in 1766.  
 A very fine large enamel Picture of Philip II. and the Princess D'Eboli.—*Hone*.  
 A Sleeping Venus.—*Francesco Paduanino*, after *Titian*.

#### BUSTS.

- The Earl of Pembroke, grandfather to the present Earl.—*Roubilliac*.  
 Virgil.—*Rysbrack*.



Agrippina. The Pedestal by *Roubilliac*.

A fine Figure of Hercules, his Club, and a Lion's skin. The Sculptor not known.

A Cast (in wax) of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who died early in the reign of George II.

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#### RECOLLECTIONS OF RICHARD COSWAY, Esq. R.A.

COSWAY, in person, was very unlike what might be inferred from his portraits of himself, which have usually the air of a cavalier of romance, being decked in that splendid costume which is applied to the *beau-ideal* of graphic design, and is so gorgeously displayed by the designers of dress for the stage. A remarkable instance of his vanity and self-adulation is perpetuated in a dotted engraving, (now scarce,) from a small portrait of himself, seated on a bank, in a fanciful position, attired in an embroidered Spanish cloak, and cavalier's hat with a plume of feathers, in the style of the heroes of the days of Velasquez or the knights of the sixteenth century. This was a companion to an engraving from a picture of his wife, Maria; and the pair of portraits exposed the loving couple to the wit of the satirists of the day, who made rare sport of these hyperbolical representations of the eccentric parties.

It was about forty years ago when these portraits made their appearance in the print-shop windows,—a period, by the way, when charlatanery in the British metropolis, which had been on the increase for the preceding half-century, had arrived as nearly as may be at its meridian height, and when Cosway had attained to the zenith of that notoriety which he sought; for he, though indubitably an artist of great talent, was a notorious charlatan.

Now the wits might well make sport of Cosway, when even the gravest of the grave R.A.'s could not controul their risibility on beholding the vanity of the pigmy painter, for such he really was, thus assuming the hero, and putting himself in print.

Those who had only been able to guess what sort of man he might be, by these egotistical representations, *ipse pinxit*, could not fail to express surprise on beholding the living prototype, as we have seen him, as well *en dishabille* in his studio, as when, attired in a court suit, with bag and sword, he acted as *locum tenens* to the President of the Royal Academy, and received the Prince of Wales, the royal brothers and sisters, and their splendid *cortège*, to show the lions at Somerset House, previously

to the opening of one of the annual exhibitions. Hogarth designed such another beau for his frontispiece to the first exhibition catalogue, as a quiz upon connoisseurs; though every one but Cosway recognised the similitude, and it was quoted by a waggish painter, in an "*Ode to Dickey and Maria*," a copy of which was sent to the "painter in small," who good-humouredly read it to his sitters, and smiled at the joke. So far indeed was he from an Adonis, that scarcely exaggeration was necessary, in drawing him to the life, to have supplied the ingenious Landseer with a choice subject for his *Monkeyana*.

Cosway, in his professional practice, might aptly be compared to the painter in the fable, who satisfied nobody, and yet pleased everybody; for his *likenesses* were too frequently not sufficiently like to be known,—yet, rendered so handsome withal, that most people who sat for them were willing enough to own their resemblance to their own dear selves. This flattering mode of proceeding, alone might appear sufficient to account for his becoming a fashionable miniature-painter, when it is considered that his practice was derived from people of fashion, who, as the cynical Barry observed, "had little other business than to make fools of themselves."

It was, however, the gay Prince of Wales who made Richard Cosway. The patronage of this *arbiter elegantiarum* of the fashionables, at once rendered the favoured painter—all the fashion. He painted the miniature of the lovely Mrs. Fitzherbert, and made even *her*, more beautiful than she was. The Prince was charmed, the fair sitter was delighted, Cosway was eulogized, caressed, courted, had the secret *entré* at Carlton House, and at once was set afloat by royalty on the full tide of good fortune.

Under such auspices, with such a career of success, and being without a rival, as he was, it cannot surprise if one constituted like Cosway should become vain: he became vain;—his vanity was so great that it was laughable. A sprightly novel was written by some one acquainted with the follies of high life, in which Cosway made a conspicuous figure, and a ridiculous one it was: but it moved not him to wrath; on the contrary, he was philosopher enough to affect to enjoy the portrait, and said to his royal patron, who was quoting the book, "that the author drew likenesses better than himself."

So frequent were his professional engagements at Carlton House,—for he painted miniatures of the constellation of beauties so celebrated in the Prince's coterie,—that it was considered expedient and politic by his better half, that he should reside as near as possible to the palace of his patron. Prompt to fulfil the suggestions of his Maria, he re-

moved to a handsome and spacious residence on the south side of Pall Mall, the back of which was reported to have a private communication with Carlton Palace gardens; and here he and Mrs. Cosway kept house in style, in a sort of co-partnership, of so novel a character, as to surprise their new neighbours, astonish their old friends, and furnish wonderment for the table-talk of the town; "as well it might," observed Opie to his satirical friend Peter Pindar, "for, i' faith! there are more courts kept in wicked Pall Mall, than those with gates guarded by His Majesty's grenadiers."

However deficient might be the vain limner in stature and personal appearance, the weight in the scale of the connubial firm, was made up by the gifts which nature had bestowed on his fair partner. Had Rubens modelled the charmer, Prometheus would have pronounced it his master-piece, and sending for his torch, would have set it alive for love. Maria certainly was a magnificent specimen of humanity.

Italy gave birth to this lady, who had a sister; they were the daughters of an inn-keeper, it is said, and were much admired by travellers for their native charms. Maria, whose maiden name we have forgotten, became the wife of Cosway; the other was married to Mr. Combe, the author of "Doctor Syntax."

It was said, and generally believed amongst the artists, that Cosway received of his royal patron soon after his removal to Pall Mall, no less a sum than ten thousand pounds. How much of this was divided by the accomplished partner has not been made public; for the lady too was an adept in the practice of some branches of the polite arts, amongst which painting was one. It is not however improbable that Cosway's love of exaggeration, might have given out to the world more than was strictly true.

After a residence of some years in Pall Mall, Cosway removed to Stratford Place, and there continued to practise his art with great eclat; many people of high fashion were in the habit of making his house a morning lounge, which, besides other attractions, contained a vast collection of pictures by the old masters; the house moreover, which was spacious and elegant, was superbly furnished. The Prince of Wales's carriage was frequently seen at the door; and many personages of high quality, ladies as well as gentlemen, were said to meet there by fortuitous coincidences, which occurred rather too often to be believed even by the credulous.

It does not appear that Cosway and his wife lived in connubial strife; far from it, they were supposed, from appearances at least, to be a happy pair. Nevertheless the lady one day took it into her head to

make a tour on the Continent, without her lord; and not choosing to trust herself alone, she placed herself under the wing of Signor Marchesi, the celebrated vocal performer, leaving her spouse her keys, and the entire controul of household affairs,—an office which it was believed he entered upon in her absence with that enviable indifference, which, practically operating as in him, was of more value than a hundred folio volumes of ancient and modern philosophy.

During Mrs. Cosway's residence abroad, it appears that her reflections upon the vanities of this restless life induced her to seek the peaceful shelter of the cloister. Her faithful husband, to keep her in countenance, whilst she was playing the saint abroad, acted the saint at home, and gave out that he had been promised the gift of canonization.

It was soon after the commencement of this new state of regeneration that he caused his daughter, a beautiful and promising child under ten years of age, to study *Hebrew*, that she might read the Holy Bible to her pious papa in that tongue; thus verifying the adage,—“The greater the sinner, the greater the saint.” The visionary subsequently let his beard grow until it attained a patriarchal length: and thus prepared, the sanctity which he assumed when seated at his desk with a vast folio Bible before him, afforded a specimen of either charlatanery or self-delusion, or perhaps a mixture of both, which appeared almost incredible to those who saw the very man thus metamorphosed.

Whether he still played the charlatan, or really fancied himself what he professed to be,—one inspired,—he undertook to cure all diseases by a species of magnetism. He sought the powder of projection, and said he had discovered it; and proceeding in power, he asserted he could raise the dead.

One morning, soon after the possession of this new faculty, he called on Northcote, who as usual was surrounded by a few agreeable loungers. Northcote dismissed them, and he and Cosway were alone in the little studio, when Northcote began: “Oh! so I am told ye can raise the spirits of the dead!” “I can,” replied Cosway with solemnity. “Do then—O do raise me the spirit of Sir Joshua; I would go to the end of the earth to behold him again,” said Northcote. “No,” added Cosway, “I dare not,—it is wicked.”

That Cosway—latterly at least, when it was considered a favour to obtain a miniature from his pencil,—was conscious that his resemblances were not very striking, may be inferred from the subterfuge which he had recourse to in submitting a miniature portrait to the inspection of the family or friends of the party whom he had painted:—he managed

it thus. In his *show-room* he had several elegant glass cases, each on an inclined plane, such as the tip-top jewellers use for displaying their *bijouterie*, in which he distributed a vast number of miniatures of each sex, of various ages and complexions, and in a variety of costumes,—some in military regimentals, others in naval uniforms,—bishops in their wigs, and ladies in every species of cap, bonnet, hat, bedecked with feathers, ribonds, and flowers, in the most tasteful varieties,—for he was not only a skilful fashion-monger, but an adept at designing fanciful ornaments suited to the sex, in all the varieties of character, feature, expression and complexion;—and amongst these he placed the picture required, and left the spectator to find it out, thus surrounded by so vast a variety of physiognomies thus adorned. Nothing could easily be devised more skilful than this plan; it may be likened to the encountering the face of one, even a slight acquaintance, amidst a crowd of faces all belonging to strangers, in a situation where one did not expect to meet,—easily recognised accordingly. By this stratagem, the likeness being once acknowledged, Cosway was content; and whatever the parties might subsequently object to, he would answer, “It must be like, for you identified your friend in the midst of a crowd;” and no expostulation could induce the painter to attempt an alteration.

When he first commenced his practice, it is said that many of his portraits were correct likenesses, which may readily be believed; for he drew not only with great freedom and elegance, but, when he pleased, with correctness. Indeed, he was considered whilst a youth, one of the most promising pupils in Shipley’s celebrated school.

What he most excelled in,—and many of these were excellent,—were the small whole-lengths which he drew from certain ladies of fashion, celebrated for beauty. The figures of these emanations of his tasteful hand were drawn in a loose unconstrained style, purely his own, with the black-lead pencil; the faces were painted in miniature, and frequently highly finished. These small whole-lengths are captivating specimens of his peculiar style of art.

Some of his miniatures, too, upon ivory were exquisitely wrought, and very justly admired. Sir Joshua Reynolds spoke highly of his talent, and recommended him very warmly to his own sitters. Cosway painted more lovers’ presentation pictures on ivory, than perhaps any ten artists of his age.

His studio, as we saw it in the zenith of his practice, soon after his occupation of the house in Stratford Place, was one of the most interesting apartments we remember ever to have seen; it would have supplied an excellent subject to a painter of still-life, for a virtuoso’s

museum ; for it contained a specimen of almost everything that is choice in the pursuits of *vertu*. So superb, indeed, was the *tout ensemble* in the chamber, that a sitter at a glance, lady or gentleman, might reasonably expect, knowing nothing of his terms, to "pay handsomely" for the "*style of the painter*."

One practice was used by this accomplished artist, which might be perhaps adopted advantageously by every painter of miniatures. It was this. He had small panels with an oval opening cut in the centre, of the various sizes of the miniature-frames which were to encompass the pictures. One of the exact dimensions of that on which he was occupied was fixed to a stand which stood at his elbow ; placing this occasionally at a chosen distance, he looked through the aperture at his sitter, and compared it with his picture as he proceeded ; by which he acquired the habit, as he said, of comparing nature so successfully with his work, that his mind became so abstracted in study, as not to distinguish a difference between nature and his imitative art. Many of his best miniatures are much and deservedly admired by the *cognoscenti*.

He occasionally painted in oil, and in his choicest works \* may be discovered his predilection for the *gusto* of Correggio. Certain heads of angels and saints which he produced were admirable for expression, and particularly for the celestial cast of ideal beauty which he infused into the angelic character. As a painter, however, he may, touching the *beau-ideal* of his art, be compared to the celebrated Bartolozzi the engraver, who, whatever prototype he worked from, always appeared to imitate it through the medium of a preconceived model in his own mind ; hence, with all the natural ability and cultivated talent of each, mannerism characterized their respective ingenious labours.

About thirty-five years since, De Louthembourg, the celebrated landscape painter, who like his friend Cosway had ever been somewhat of a visionary, became so infatuated with the reveries of a school of speculators who assumed the title of Philosophers, as to fancy, through the agency of animal magnetism, he could cure all diseases. Encouraged by a species of self-delusion, originating through some fortuitous cures, performed upon patients as credulous as himself, he undertook to say to the lame, "Take up thy bed, and walk," and promised to give speech to the dumb, and sight to the blind ;—when, some excited by fanaticism, others by credulity, and many more by curiosity, to behold the performance of the promised miracles, thousands flocked to Hammersmith

\* One of these he presented to the parish church of Tiverton, Devon shire, of which place he was a native.

to the residence of the painter; and became so riotous, on discovering the false pretensions of the miracle-monger, as to threaten to pull Monsieur De Louthembourg's house about his ears; and would perchance have accomplished the fulfilment of their promise,—though Saint Philip (for that was the painter's Christian name) had not performed his,—had not the spiritual physician resorted to the arm of the flesh, by calling in the aid of the police, to disperse the unbelievers.

Cosway at this period became a disciple of the same school, and painted, preached, and prophesied by turns; all of which, besides other strange mysterious avocations, helped him onwards to that pinnacle of notoriety which he sought,—when he gravely asserted that he could raise the dead.

Old Coombe, the author of "*Dr. Syntax*," married the sister of Mrs. Cosway;—they had a daughter, a very beautiful and accomplished young lady. She had a natural taste for drawing; and Cosway took pleasure in giving her instruction, particularly in the drawing of the human figure. Nothing was more gratifying to her preceptor—for she was his special favourite—than her encomiums upon his pictures; and having a high notion of her taste and judgement, he frequently submitted his works to her opinion during their progress. One morning he called her into his studio, and placed upon his easel a small recently painted half-length figure of the Madonna, the bust of which alone was finished. "Well, dearest," said he, "do you approve of my work?" His charming pupil answered, "Sir, I am delighted! I think it surpasses all you have done before—it is celestial!" Cosway assumed a solemn look and awful manner; and after a pause, in a half-whisper observed, "You are right, my dear—the work is sublime, for the Virgin Mary has sat to me in that chair several times for the study—indeed, between you and me, my dear niece, it—is—a veritable portrait!" When Miss Coombe related this dialogue to her father, he exclaimed, "I thought your uncle Dick only a drivelling coxcomb and a fool; but now I am satisfied the fellow is stark mad: I charge you to go there no more."

Latterly, this "painter in small" assumed mighty airs. One day, one not amongst the least of the household establishment at Carlton Palace was announced. "Show him up," said Cosway. The officer entered; and the painter, to use the hacknied modern phrase, *motioned* him to be seated,—himself not rising from his seat, as he sat with a folio almost as big as himself, on a desk before him. Presently the messenger delivered a note:—it was from the Prince, and contained an invitation for the painter to dine with his royal patron. Cosway read the contents; and after remaining for a considerable time attentive only to the pages of the book, he at length broke silence, by making a difficulty of accepting the pro-



ferred honour; and "presenting his respects" through the messenger, desired him to say, "that—he would think of it—and then send his answer." It has been said, by a shrewd observer of men and manners; "that the way to obtain the favour of the great, is not to deserve it." Certainly princes and other great personages, if we are to credit the page of history touching royal Courts, have usually allowed none but charlatans, panders, or tom-fools, to live with them on anything like a familiar footing.

This favoured painter died, at a very advanced age, July 4th, 1821.

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#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

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SIR,—I have read in your last Number, an excellent article on the estimate of the character of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence. Nevertheless, there are two or three remarks which, if reconsidered, you will no doubt agree with me, might have been dispensed with. I do not profess to be one of his most ardent admirers; yet, to do him justice, I must acknowledge his style to be perfectly original;—his talent has been put into the scale against his predecessors; and though judgment is given against him, as being unequal to them in giving dignity and grandeur, yet, in my candid opinion, his equal did not exist in his time,—unless, indeed, we may account his pupil, Mr. G. H. Harlow, as such; whose existence, compared to that of his master, lasted but as a spark to a flame, and whose knowledge of the human countenance, in all its varieties of expression, is so amply displayed in his portraits of eminent persons of his day.

Your correspondent, in page 107, mentions the portrait of Cardinal Gonsalvi (by Lawrence), the mouth of which is said to be *much out of drawing*, and *too much on one side*,—signifying it was opposite to nature: but I cannot determine if so or not; or is it requisite to prove the fact, being fully convinced of the artist's disposition to flatter, and well knowing that the human features, in the progress of life, are subjected to twist in different ways? Such I take for granted might have been the case with the Cardinal's mouth in question, as I am convinced that the late Mr. Canning's features were crooked, and they are less so in the admirable whole-length portrait of him by the same artist. It is generally believed that Lawrence could paint a mouth as it ought to be, though he had not the power to stop one.

Lawrence was George the Fourth's *favourite painter*; that honour is quite sufficient to create severe critics,—such he experienced even from members of the Royal Academy. The King's taste and patronage have

been censured also, through His Majesty not employing contemporary artists to paint his generals. This would be *just*, could others be procured to do as well; but let us look at the individual's talent chosen to compete with Lawrence in the field, and the trial will soon be at an end. I allude to Mr. Jackson and his portrait of the *Duke of Wellington*,—proof enough, that a good man may paint the worst of pictures:—an unfortunate selection, truly! Jackson had powers; but they lay in another way, namely, the portraying the Methodists, men possessed with one thought, and but one expression,—a task easily accomplished through the absence of animation. These are admirably drawn and coloured, and exhibit the utmost power of the artist, which would even baffle the skill of Lawrence to excel in point of character. The *cream* of criticism is to show what a man can do *best*; for every one has a fault, and the less is known of it the better. Amongst the last efforts of Jackson's pencil are his portraits of Flaxman, Canova, Chantrey and Northcote, which are excellent, and will do much for his fame in after-ages.

I now refer you to a remark, in page 110, on the portrait of Shakspeare by Martin Droeshout, which is also said to be *out of drawing*. Really, Sir, was I asked to point out any such defect, I should reply, “By the *mass*! I cannot tell.” It would be quite enough to inform its idolators that it is a hard and coarse engraving; was it ill drawn, the *eulogy* bestowed upon it by Ben Jonson would amount to gross flattery. I look upon it in the same light—

“Wherein the graver had a strife  
With *Nature*—to outdo the life.”

I regret the discontinuance of the Royal Academy Catalogues, and beg to suggest printing the remainder in one or two parts, by subscription. There can be no disputing they would be of considerable importance to biographers and lovers of art, in exhibiting the foundation and progress of the Arts in this country.

A. W.

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#### CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Instructive Gleanings, Moral and Scientific, from the best Writers on Painting and Drawing.* By Rowland Mainwaring, Capt. R.N.—8vo. Longman & Co.

WE scarcely know whether we can rightly term this work an anticipation of one of our own schemes for the advancement of art, as it was one which we more wished to see undertaken by another, than thought of

undertaking ourselves. We have no difficulty, however, in saying that the selections are made with a degree of taste and feeling as well as knowledge of the subjects, and are arranged with a perspicuity entitling the work to our warmest approbation. We think it calculated to be of eminent service, as many who would be deterred from encountering the labour of studying greater books, will feel indebted to an author who has selected the best parts of the best writers, and arranged them in a manner easy of reference and apposite in subject. The great fault which is to be brought against modern painters is, that as a class they are not readers; and that writer therefore will do them the greatest service, who will persuade them to study the works of those who have preceded them in literature as well as in art. The work before us, we think, is well calculated to have this effect; and we therefore strongly recommend it to the professional student, as one from which they will derive great benefit if they will read no further, and greater still if it leads them to peruse the writings from which such selections are made.

We will only add the expression of our satisfaction to find that the individual to whom we are indebted for these gleanings is a member of the profession which is the truly national defence of this kingdom. We observe also with pleasure that he feels such a confidence in believing the same taste and spirit to pervade the minds of his brother-officers, as to induce him to dedicate his work to them. The sentiments he there expresses, and also in his well-written Introduction, are judicious, and creditable to his endeavours as "contributing in his sphere to the general purpose and perfection of society," beyond even the professional limits which men of ordinary minds would have been contented with assigning themselves, as the utmost that could be required of them.

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*Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's Edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.* Parts V. & VI.—Murray; and Tilt, Fleet Street.  
—*The Byron Gallery*, a Series of Historical Embellishments to illustrate the Works of Lord Byron. Part II.—Smith, Elder and Co. Cornhill.

There is not, we think, a stronger characteristic of the present age than the number, the variety and excellence, of what are called cheap publications, or publications intended for the middle and lower classes of society. They seem to go far to prove that there is a great change about to take place in our civil intercourse, and that the distinctions of superior knowledge and intelligence, and consequently of power, are about to be taken from their former possessors. Let a work be published, as in former times, of a quality and price to require the patronage of the

aristocracy, and it is sure to bring ruin on whoever undertakes it: but publish it at a rate and in a manner more suitable to the circumstances of humbler readers, and it is almost sure to prove profitable, if at all deserving of encouragement. The people, we are satisfied, are prepared to indulge to the utmost in the luxuries of art and taste, were they in the situation in other respects to encourage them; and it will be a most responsible duty falling on the legislature, to adapt their measures wisely according to the necessities of the times.

Both the publications before us are presented to the public at prices which prove that the proprietors rely upon a very extensive sale and small returns, rather than a limited circulation with ordinary, or rather ancient, profits. In the one case, five, and in the other, seven plates are given, at sums which were formerly the prices of single prints of far inferior intrinsic value; and though no doubt some evil must arise from this fresh current in the affairs of men, yet there is no doubt the public generally must be benefited by the more extensive circulation. Into the merits of either publication we need not now enter. Our readers, no doubt, have already judged for themselves; and there surely cannot be a drawing-room table upon which they are not to be found, and to which they would not be the most appropriate accompaniments.

Since writing the above, we have received Part VI. of the Illustrations, containing Portraits of Lady Noel Byron and the Maid of Saragoza, with Views of Malta, by J. M. W. Turner; of Lochin-y-Gair, by F. G. Robson; and of Cadiz, by Col. Batty,—all engraved, in his usual brilliant style, by E. Finden, except that the land-parts of the two latter are somewhat too dark for the sky. There are also three exquisite vignettes of Newstead Abbey, Fountain at Newstead, and Hucknall Church,—all from drawings by W. Westall.

*Waiting for Death;—an unfinished Engraving on Wood, by the late T. Bewick.* Longman and Co.

This is the last work of the lamented Bewick, and will be regarded by the connoisseur with not less delight than interest. It was to have been completed by a number of impressions from blocks, printed over each other, and, we believe, the first of a series intended to assist the cause of humanity, as deprecating cruelty to animals. The design, which is admirably delineated, is the "living skeleton" of a horse; and all the adjuncts—of the old stump of a tree, which affords no shelter from the pitiless shower, and the dreary scene around,—are in excellent keeping. Very few impressions have been, or we should think can be, printed off for sale.

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R.R. Scanlan del.

E. Scriven sc.

*Geo. Wright*

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